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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

# The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 114.—Vol. IX. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, February 7, 1906 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

*Photo*] **Lady Falkiner** [*Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

Wife of Sir Leslie Falkiner, the well-known sportsman and fisherman. Lady Falkiner is that *rara avis* in Society—a pretty woman who is seldom photographed

No. 114.—Vol. IX.

# CONTENTS

Wednesday, February 7, 1906


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| Frontispiece ... ... ... ... | 261 |
| Bystander Comments ... ... ... | 263 |
| The Topictator ... ... ... ... | 265 |
| A Mysterious Dramatic Critic ... ... | 270 |
| Mr. Tree as "Nero." An Impression by J. W. Thorpe ... ... ... ... | 271 |
| Opening Up the Soudan ... ... | 272 |
| Art Exhibitions in London ... ... | 274 |
| Royal Society of Miniature Painters ... | 275 |
| Is Photography a Fine Art? ... ... | 276 |
| Paris Week by Week ... ... ... | 279 |
| Motors for Mountain Transit ... ... | 281 |
| At the Hospice of St. Bernard ... ... | 282 |
| Mountaineering: Old Style ... ... | 283 |
| Warwick Castle: The Stately Home of the Socialist Countess ... ... ... | 284 |
| The Connoisseur ... ... ... | 286 |
| Our Series of Worldly Short Stories: No. 9.—"Strangling of Cupid." By Mrs. Ronald Maclachlan ... ... | 287 |
| Field, Stream, and Covert ... ... | 294 |
| Irish Hunts No. 9.—Waterford Hounds .. | 297 |
| A Bookman's Gossip ... ... ... | 298 |
| The Library ... ... ... ... | 299 |
| Sport of the Past Week ... ... | 302 |
| Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann ... ... ... ... | 304 |
| Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows ... ... | 307 |


The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

## Amusements

**EMPIRE THEATRE.** "CINDERELLA."
Grand Spectacular Ballet, and Specially Selected Varieties.
EVERY EVENING at 8.15.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30.
Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

## *BOOKS RECEIVED*

### NEW FICTION

"The Smiths of Surbiton." By Keble Howard. (Chapman and Hall: 6*s.*)

"A Son of the People." By Baroness Orczy. (Greening: 6*s.*)

"Nature's Vagabond, and Other Stories." By Cosmo Hamilton. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

"Martha Rose, Teacher." By Miss Betham Edwards. (Long: 6*s.*)

### MISCELLANEOUS

"Verses by John Ramsey Graham." (Greening: 5*s.* net.)

"Letters of a Bohemian." By Belle Livingstone. (Greening.)

"Swinburne's Tragedies." Vol. V. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.* net.)

"Bruges and West Flanders." Painted by A. Forestier and described by S. W. T. Omond. (A. and C. Black.)

"Days with Velasquez." By C. Lewis Hind. (A. and C. Black: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management." New edition. (Ward, Lock: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Bending of a Twig." By Desmond F. T. Coke. (Chapman and Hall: 6*s.*)

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.


TO

BUDDING KIPLINGS!

Our readers will notice the line we have taken for our . . . .

WORLDLY . . . SHORT STORIES,

and if any of them who are literary aspirants have stories which they think would be suitable for this series, we should be very glad if they would submit them to us. We should like to impress upon writers that though the stories which have appeared have been by well-known authors, they have been chosen upon their merits.

**YOU MAY MAKE A NAME**

for yourself by sending us

**A CLEVER STORY.**

# BYSTANDER COMMENTS

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

London:
Wednesday
February 7, 1906

Now that the "Best Club in London" has elected 670 new members without entrance fees, certain people may appreciate the quiet limited membership which the Empire is offering. For ten guineas a year you may be a member, with the privilege of a seat any night. This is not a bad idea, and should be popular. But why should we not be able to feed at the Empire Club? To watch the performances while you dine would be delightful—a dinner done to "a turn" in short. Capital!

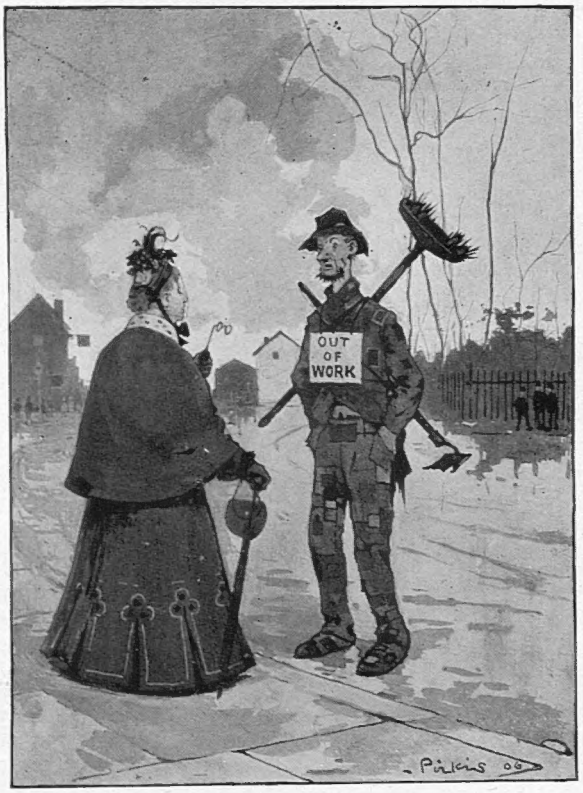
* * *

We understand that a Labour Member has been found who has not been nominated for the leadership of his Party in the House of Commons.

* * *

The statement is denied that a contemporary, which publishes a column of "Naval Intelligence," is to introduce a corresponding feature to be entitled "Army Intelligence." As is pointed out, the latter title-heading constitutes a contradiction in terms.

* * *




1905—1906

"You mean to say you are the victim of a dying industry?"
"Yes, mum"
"What is your calling?"
"A snow-scraper, mum"

Some people are never satisfied. For years, everyone has wanted the Underground Railway to be clean and airy. Now that it is becoming clean and airy, everyone is yelling out that it is cold and draughty. Old gentlemen shiver in the spacious, well-lighted coaches, and wonder where the draughts come from, and sigh for the good old days when they could have a good old-fashioned row with the traveller opposite as to whether the windows should be up or down. An old gentleman I know wears his motor coat when travelling on the Underground, not for the cold—oh dear, no—but as a sort of buffer in case he should get caught in the automatic doors. I believe the mortality attributable to these doors is very heavy, but to see a stout traveller, and calculate whether he can plunge through the diminishing space, is very diverting.

Shop girls, who have been insulted by a reference in *The Heroic Stubbs*, should note that there is a special performance for their benefit this Thursday, when free seats will be provided for them, in order that they may hear the obnoxious remark first hand. N.B.—There is no truth in the rumour that Mr. Alexander is giving a special performance of *His House in Order* for second wives only.

* * *

Particulars of the annual revolution in Army management are to be announced shortly.

* * *

Atlantic passengers, who have comforted themselves with the thought that the terrors of ocean travel had all been removed, will have to reconsider their views. A proposal comes from Hamburg to place on board the various great liners permanent exhibitions of pictures by contemporary artists.

* * *

Debates regarding the reasons why the public voted for one side or the other have been very common, but I do not remember having seen the following, which has been sent me by a correspondent who vouches for the truth of it:—

SCENE: *Squire talking to old yokel outside a cottage.*

SQUIRE: "But tell me, Silas, why are you going to vote for the Conservative candidate, when last election you voted for the Radical side?"

SILAS: "Waal, sur, 'tis like this 'ere, I ain't going to vote for un cos of *his polerticks*, but cos he'm called Tom same as me, and his missus be called H'Ethel, and our Jane's little maid be called H'Ethel, so I says I shall vote for *'e*, cos he seem like a sort o' relation."

In the mind of Silas was, no doubt, the thought that imitation was the sincerest form of flattery, and who can blame him, therefore, for the *quid pro quo* in the shape of his vote?

# Copyright in Faces

Our special itinerant photographer called on a few people last week to ask their views of the subject of being snapshotted without permission, and writes as follows :—

Sir Hard and Lady Rowe received me most courteously in Buxton Square.

"Sir Hard," said Lady Rowe, "is all against self-advertisement, but the public will have our faces. Once you are a public man you are the servant of the public."

"If they want your face," said Sir Hard, stroking his long beard, "they must have it. Royalty never objects. Who am I that I should complain?"

"Our real trouble is," said Lady Rowe, "that the photographers so seldom seem to realise that Sir Hard is a public man, though his agitation in favour of re-foresting village commons made England ring."

"I have often," said Sir Hard, "at a public meeting, found myself close in front of a camera, and then noticed that some small, clean-shaven man was receiving attention, most annoying. Some quite obscure, clean-shaven man—most annoying."

"There is only one beard in the country that is longer than my husband's," said Lady Rowe, with pardonable pride. "If ever you should want a photograph, here is a genuine snapshot of him. I took it one day when he was contemplating an acorn laying on Birkham Common. There is no self-consciousness about this one. Of course, he didn't dream that I was standing by him with a camera."

**How to circumvent the flashlight man at a public banquet**

An excellent idea, when it comes off

Miss Nina Patella, the well-known author of "Oh, Mr. Richardson!" "Blasted Souls," and "Her First Mate or Checkmate," was very indignant on the subject. She received me in a pink *peignoir* and gold slippers, and her hair had the appearance of having been *coiffed* by blowing it with a pair of bellows.

"I don't mind talking *in camera*, but never before a camera," she said. "Woman is a mystery. She should be left veiled and inviolate. A woman thinking beautiful thoughts alone"—and she closed her eyes and lay on the sofa in an attitude of picturesque abandonment—"is like a fragrant flower flinging its perfume to the soft night air, some ethereal evening primrose, which shrinks from the bold sun, but in the chaste rays—you haven't, by the way, brought your camera with you? Your paper has always been so courteous, so unlike——"

I shook my head sadly.

"The moment and the camera so seldom coincide. I have never been photographed—but a woman's curiosity, you know, sometimes overcomes her principles—where was I?" and she sighed.

"In the chaste night air," I said, as I hurriedly escaped into the bitter east wind.

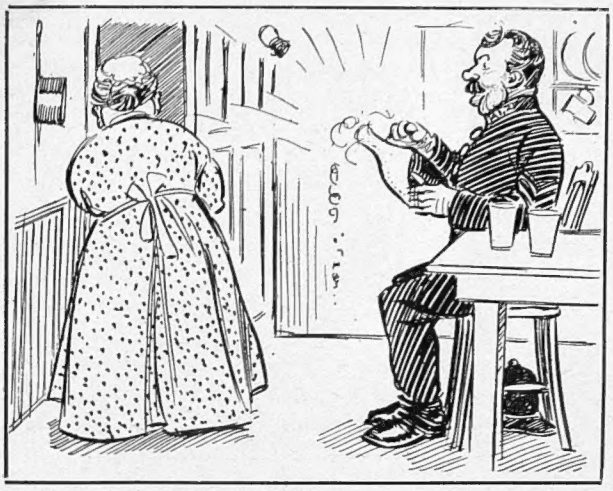
Professor Abel Bodger, M.P., received me gladly in his laboratory. "I am bringing a Bill into Parliament this coming Session," he said. "Here is the first draft. It is a law to amend Eliz. Cap. Op. Do. Caveat Actor XIX., VI., par iv., Section XVII. Here is the point, you see. To preserve inviolate the copyright in all faces of all subjects of Ed. VII., wheresoever they may be, at all ages, in all climes, and with all that does pertain to them—smiles, kisses, pimples, dimples, expressions, whether of mirth or grief, and facial contortions. Once this is passed, anyone photographing anyone against his or her will commits an assault on the subject's face. Here it is you see: 'Effacing, defacing, or otherwise molesting the faces of any one of His Majesty's liege subjects.' An assault committed, whether by snapshot, grapeshot, vitrol throwing, or maltreating by running over with a motor-car, is equally offensive to the liberty of the subject, and by tending to deteriorate the value of the subject, reduces the sum of the national wealth. Of course, when this is law, whosoever wants his face photographed will have to take out a 10*s.* 6*d.* license. I anticipate ten to fifteen millions revenue. You are a photographer? I am sorry for you. Good morning."

Coming home I had stopped to take a snapshot of a pretty flower girl at a street corner, when a coarse-looking gentleman friend, who called her his "little bit of alright," came up and assaulted me with a rolled-up paper that looked like the *Daily Telegraph*.

* * *

Apropos of the talk about photographing people unawares, a friend of mine, who is a clergyman, says that you can always circumvent the photographer by keeping in motion. When the flashlight man comes round at a banquet, he blows his nose or a cloud of smoke. At public meetings he always has a glass of soda-water handy, or passes his hands over his face when the camera crisis approaches. None of these things, however, outwit an artist with a pencil, and the picture above has caused the reverend gentleman grave annoyance. The syphon was an addition to pacify him. "Anyone might imagine from the sketch," he said, indignantly, "that I was drinking something nice—and for pleasure!"

# The Topictator

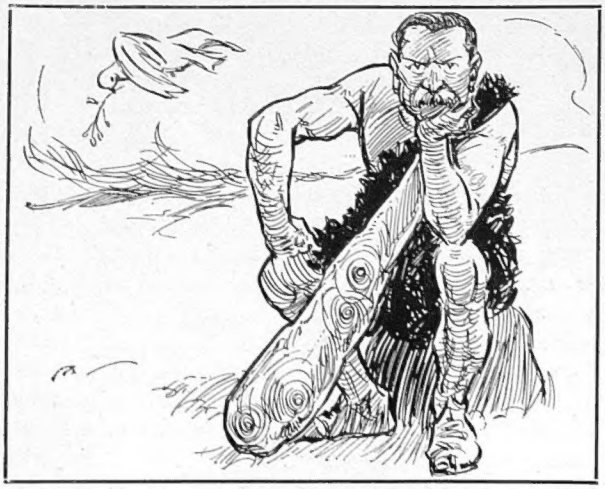


*(According to Sir Lauder Brunton, M.D., it is better to make tea with Apollinaris than to use hard water.)*

COOKIE (*in answer to astonished query*): "It's all right, mem, I'm only openin' a bottle o' Pollinaris to make meself a solingtary cup o' tea"

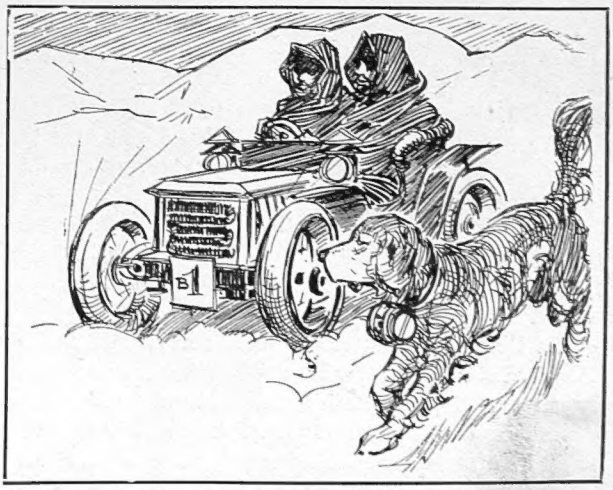
The *Llandudno Circular* having irreverently abused the idol of Birmingham, Birmingham resolved to boycott the Welsh watering-place as a holiday resort. Since when Llandudno has mainly concerned itself with inventing every variety of apology

**Dreaming in Downing Street**



**Peace—according to the President of the German Reichstag**

Says COUNT VON BALLESTREM: "To ensure peace, we must be able to show the other Powers that we can and will knock on the head any who would lightly attempt to disturb it"



**Monks as Motormen**

The very latest converts to automobilism are the monks of the Hospice of St. Bernard. Going a little heavy, perhaps, but—think of it!—no police traps or measured miles

## Round the Theatres

*ST. JAMES'S*

It has often been pointed out that French dramatists enjoy an advantage over their brothers of the craft in England in that they are able to take real people who do real things and transfer them to the stage; whereas in our country a series of technicians have painfully created a world in which only stage puppets can move and have their being. There has just been produced in Paris *Les Hannetons*, a play the characters of which are so exactly like the friends and relations of each night's audience that people are asking each other solemnly whether such a device on the part of M. Brieux is quite the thing to do; in other words, whether it is not akin to photography, and whether it is an art?

Now the first fact which must strike everyone who witnesses *His House in Order* is that he knows the Ridgeley family quite well. He has dined with them and been bored; talked with them and been disgusted at their pettiness of view; argued with them and laughed up his sleeve at their colossal self-sufficiency. Here are real people with a vengeance. Fortunate the man who possesses no Ridgeley relations; there is no man who has escaped their acquaintance. Mr. Pinero has struck hard at those terrible people who are endowed with all the uncomfortable virtues of propriety, punctuality, punctiliousness, orderliness, sanctimony. They are the Pharisees hereafter to be known as the Ridgeleys of the modern world. Those who are Ridgeleys in name, but not in character, may be pardoned for taking another name by deed poll.

**M. Lemaire**

The Belgian actor, who picked up a penny and invested it, with the pennies of his friends, in a lottery ticket which brought them in £8,000

A wag of my acquaintance said, as we came out of the theatre, "I am going to save up, buy the most expensive box at the St. James's Theatre, and present it to a certain branch of my family. That'll teach them," he chuckled.

"The joke will be lost, my friend," said I. "It is the peculiar characteristic of the Ridgeleys that they never can see themselves, however cleverly drawn in book or play."

"There's something in that," he admitted. "I suppose I shall have to give them the straight tip that they are going to the theatre to see themselves."

Mr. Pinero is credited with having inaugurated with *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* the epoch of sex dramas. It is to be hoped that his new play will prove the death-blow of the stage puppet. It is so aggravating to go to a theatre and see people whom one can never meet in real life if one live to be a hundred years, and possess the advantage of mingling with all grades of society. The Ridgeleys compensate us for a bootmaker and certain ladies of title. The construction of Mr. Pinero's play is further cause of joy. When work is good, one naturally turns first to the blemishes, partly because they are thrown into high relief by the excellence of the whole, partly to get over the uncongenial task of referring to them. In driving home his points, Mr. Pinero has here and there dwelt too lovingly on a speech and protracted a situation. That is all. For the rest, all praise. Such a play must be as dear to the player as to the playgoer. Certainly Mr. Alexander has not often in his career been enabled to turn to the light in one rôle so many facets of his talent.

* * *

At the Royalty Theatre, M. and Mme. Silvain have been giving us Casimir Delavigne's *Louis XI.*, the original version of the play which to English theatregoers is so associated with the genius of Henry Irving. It may almost be said that for us there is only one Louis XI. The rôle certainly calls up the gaunt, ascetic face of the English actor rather than the cheery débonair countenance of the Frenchman. However, the production was an admirable one, the powers of declamation possessed by the company doing admirable justice to the rather strained situations.

Mlle. Thomassin and M. Galipaux followed the Silvains. *La Petite Fonctionnaire* is not in M. Capus's best vein, but it is decidedly funny. Most of it is farce, but there is one scene at the end of the second act which is pure comedy of the kind that makes the spectator ripple with amusement. Suzanne Borel, the new post-mistress, who upsets the little village of Pressigny by her charm and accomplishments, is very much taken with the Vicomte. The two fence together in an admirable scene which reaches the climax when the astute Marquis guesses Suzanne's secret, and reproaches her with not having acquainted him with her feelings directly she was aware of them.

* * *

Some people have all the luck. The man of the old story who picked up a pin and for his carefulness was given a position which proved the stepping-stone to fortune—this man, whom everyone with a well-balanced mind has hated for so many years, must now retire in favour of M. Lemaire, a Belgian actor, who picked up a penny which brought him a good share of £8,000. For to this penny he added the pennies of his friends, and investing the whole in a State lottery, won the first prize. We are told that this portentous news reached M. Lemaire and his friends at rehearsal, and they promptly adjourned to a café to celebrate their luck. Remarkable men.

# The New Viceroy in Ireland

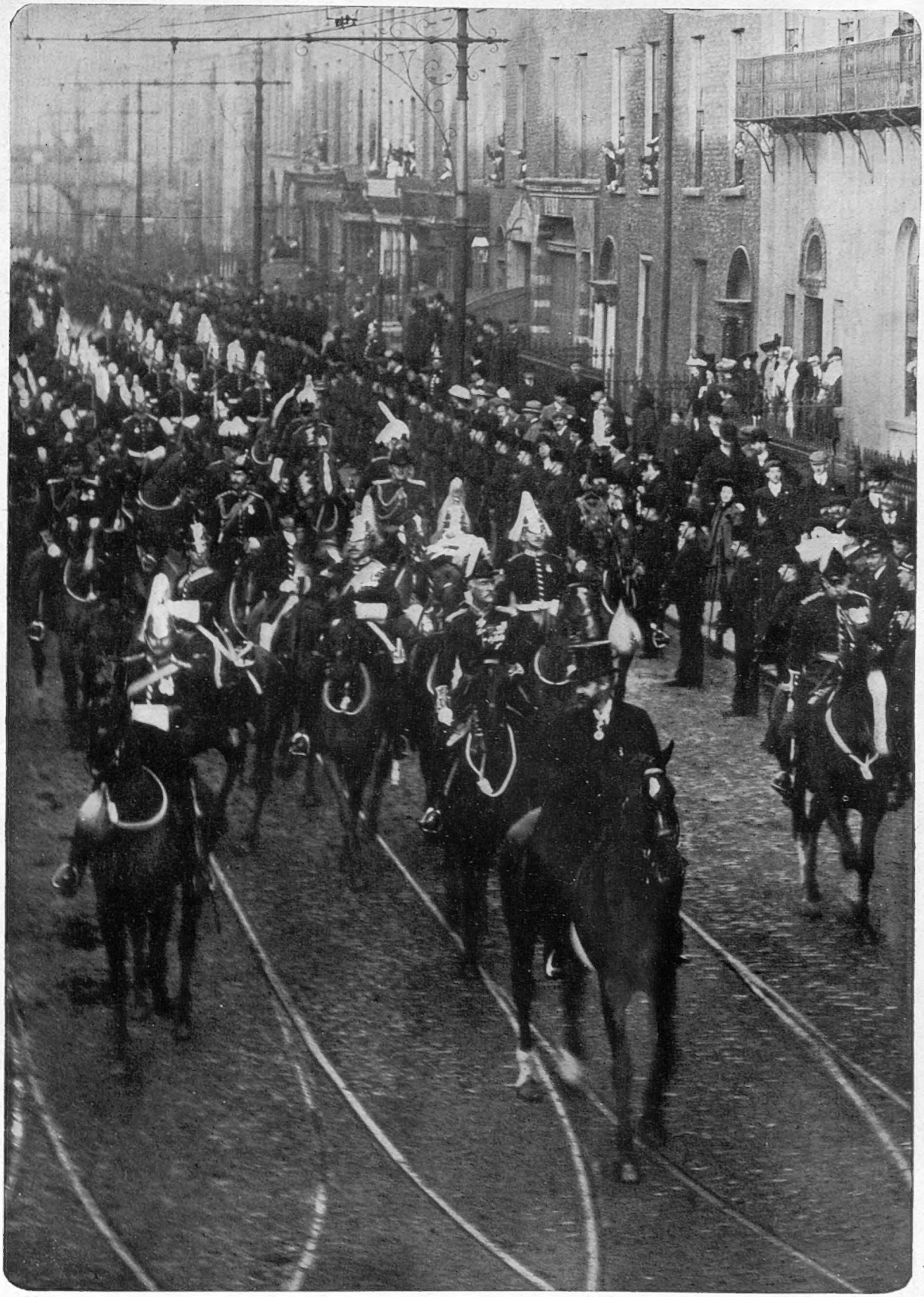


*Photo* *Lafayette*

**State entry of their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen into Dublin last Saturday**

His Excellency was attended by a field officer's escort of the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, who were well mounted and presented a fine appearance. Lord Aberdeen is seen in the foreground, riding in front of the landau which contained her Excellency, who was attended by the Hon. Grace Ridley, Sir John Clark, and Lord Haddo, A.D.C. The weather conditions were fine, but very cold, and the reception by the populace was enthusiastic

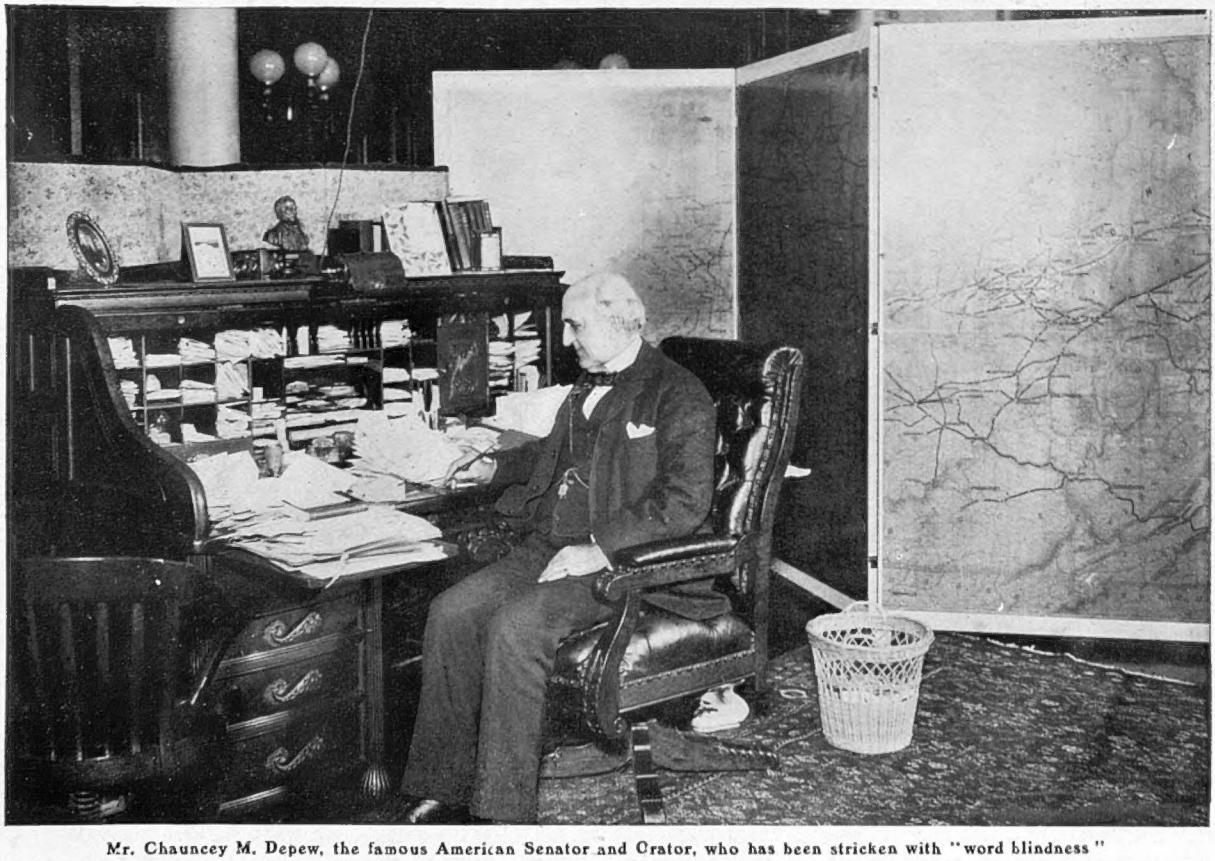
Mr. Alexander's interesting departure at the St. James's, if persisted in, makes one wonder which first night it will in future be the smart thing to witness. The dress rehearsal of Mr. Pinero's play, with a "dress" audience, was quite a society function, but so, too, was the first public performance. Many people, of course, were present on both occasions, but few of us really want to see a serious play on two successive evenings. Of course, the long-suffering cohort of critics were there on both occasions. Everything that is done for their benefit seems to make them more weary and sad. When Mr. Welch produced his play at seven o'clock, in grieved tones they wailed, "We have had no dinner." Now, when Mr. Alexander has given them a whole day to consider their verdict, in sad accents, they say, "Yes, but you see we have to spend two evenings over one play, for we must come to the public performance." And so they must.

I say this because I heard one critic explaining that he had fallen foul of a certain thing which had been done at the dress rehearsal, and had ridiculed it in his paper. He was very pleased he had found something to hold up to ridicule. But a quiet gentleman "in the know" said, "Yes, that's all very well, but the point you object to has been altered, and you won't see it now, so if you abuse it you will be abusing the actor for doing a thing which the public have not seen." Exit the young critic to his newspaper office.

* * *

The story which I told last week of the child who was saved by the merest accident from being buried alive, has elicited from a correspondent another of a somewhat similar kind. I notice that he does not vouch for it, as I did in the case of mine, from his own personal knowledge; however, here it is: The wife of a country squire (whom, it was commonly reported, he had married more for the sake of her possessions than of her personal charms), was found one day in her boudoir, to all appearances, dead. To mark their respect, the retainers asked and obtained leave from the Squire to carry their mistress through the estate to the cemetery. But while the cortège was proceeding through the wood, its progress was suddenly arrested owing to the bearers having failed to notice a bough hanging low across the route, with which the coffin, borne shoulder-high, came into violent collision. In the halt which naturally ensued groans and knocking were distinctly heard in the interior of the coffin. The unfortunate occupant was alive! She was released with all possible celerity, and it became evident that she had only been in a state of coma, from which she was providentially awakened by the sudden shock of the collision.

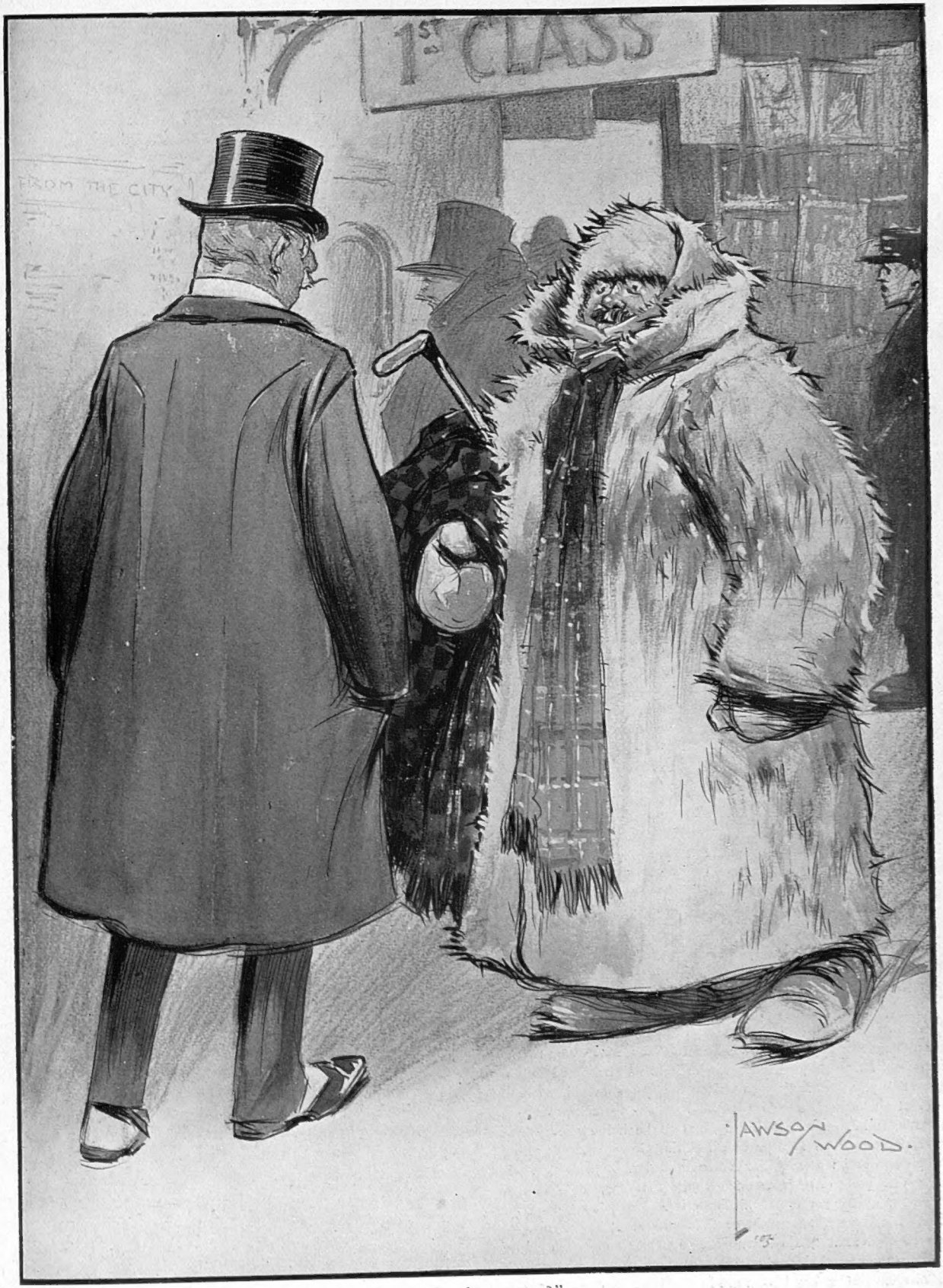
In spite of the horror of this awful experience she recovered completely for the time being; but after a year or two her health broke down, and at length the faithful retainers were once more called upon to perform their self-appointed task. Once more the sad procession made its way, with its sad burden, through the wood to the churchyard, and this time there was no turning back. But when it reached a certain spot, the Squire was heard to exclaim, in low, yet agonised accents: "*Mind that bough!*"



**Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, the famous American Senator and Orator, who has been stricken with "word blindness"**

The unfortunate illness of Senator Depew has occasioned widespread sorrow. It is a painful visitation for the wittiest after-dinner speaker in the country to be in such a state that he cannot employ the correct words to express his meaning, and calls objects by their wrong names, a complaint known to science as *aphasia*

# The Underground Refrigerator




"Hullo, Jones! Bought a motor?"

"No, a ticket to Hammersmith by electric train"

[*Complaints about the draughts in the electric trains on the Underground have almost drowned the wails of the straphanger.*—DAILY PAPER]

*DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD*

# A Mysterious Dramatic Critic

There were great doings at the Duke of York's Theatre on a day last week, when a performance of *Peter Pan* was given by the children appearing in the production. Great, too, was the joy of the youthful players when newspaper cuttings from a mysterious contemporary, containing a most appreciative notice, were handed round the theatre. The excited company immediately sent out for all the London papers. Failing to find the notice, and nothing daunted, these little Romeikes and little Curtices started upon the files of the Provincial Press. At the time of our going to Press, some of the periodicals from the Orkneys and the Shetlands were not yet to hand, and the mysterious contemporary had not been discovered. I am sworn to secrecy upon the point, but append an extract from

*Photo* *Ellis and Walery*

**Future leading ladies**

Miss Winifred Geoghagan and Miss Phyllis Beadon in *Peter Pan*, at the Duke of York's Theatre. These little ladies played leading parts in a performance of the play last week by children engaged in the production

the notice, in which is embodied the lofty thought and diction of the "higher criticism":—

Winifred Geoghagan—what a name to conjure with! From the delicious moment this incomparable creature flew on to the stage until the end of the play, she held us enchained by her personality, a personality so vague and yet so vivid, so real, and at the same time so *gäziche*, that strong men wept like infants, and women and children had to be helped home by a specially organised salvage corps. Miss Geoghagan is neither an artist, nor an actress, nor a Home Ruler. She is Art. It is a pleasure to welcome once again that rare comédienne, Miss Ela Q. May, the Queen's favourite. Her pathos, exquisite diction, and polished finish, or finished polish, are a constant source of delight to those who are fortunate enough to secure seats whenever she is advertised to appear. Her Wendy is a *scherzo*. Michael and John are in the hands of Miss Geraldine Wilson and Mr. Janker—the former is well-known, and deservedly so, she will go far—the latter is a newcomer, who, unless we are much mistaken, has come to stay. Powerful, incisive, and with a personal magnetism well under control, he dominates every scene that he is in, and one or two that he is not.

The first night of *Nero* drew, as usual, a good many interesting people together, and people stared at Mr. Winston Churchill, in a box with Miss Viola Tree and Lady Marjorie Manners, as if they expected him to wear his recent Parliamentary successes like a halo round his head. The attraction of first-nights is one of the things incomprehensible, though in this case, of course, the whole thing was done in Mr. Tree's inimitable style. His make-up is splendid, only everyone said what a perfect "Nero" Mr. Winston Churchill would make. He has just the right cast of countenance.

*Photo* *Langfier, 27, Old Bond Street*

This little Highlander is the Hon. Hermann Stern. His father, now Lord Michelham, has had three different titles during the past year. First, Baron de Stern, then Sir Henry Stern, Bt., now Lord Michelham

A few of the London and Paris correspondents to the papers will have it that the Kaiser has been intriguing against the marriage of King Alfonso and Princess Ena; that he even encouraged the rumour that the Battenbergs, as a family, have nothing very much to boast of, and that Princess Ena, in particular, had not a very good temper. This is going a little too far. The Kaiser, of course, has no particular reason to love the Battenbergs, and it is true that Prince Alexander behaved in a manner most ungallant in jilting Princess Victoria, the Kaiser's sister. But it is, nevertheless, a fact that his Majesty, so far from intriguing against the alliance, even admits to an admiration for Princess Ena. When last he saw her in the Isle of Wight, the Kaiser went so far as to remark that if his eldest son was to marry an English Princess, he hoped, for his part, that the bride would be the Princess Ena.

All the same, it would be idle to deny that the Kaiser did hope to effect a marriage between King Alfonso and the Roman Catholic Princess Marie Antoinette of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and to bring about the consummation of his hopes,

*AN IMPRESSION BY J. W. THORPE*

# Opening Up the Soudan

From Berber to Suakim: Caravans of the past now superseded by the new railway

Princess Marie was invited to stay with the German Court during the whole of the Spanish King's visit to Berlin. Princess Marie is an intelligent girl, and but for rather prominent eyes, would be pretty. King Alfonso liked her, and even paid her some attention, but he remarked before he left Berlin, with a boyish *naïveté*, to one of the German ministers, "Oh, yes, she is nice, very nice! But not beautiful enough to be Queen of Spain!"

* * *

Princess Ena is a merry-hearted girl. She is by no means graceful, but her colouring is so exceptional that she appears almost beautiful at times. Brought up, like the Princess of Wales, the only girl among a large party of brothers, she knows how to give and take chaff, and when her elder brothers call her "Miss Connie Ediss," on account of her sturdy proportions, she thinks it rather good fun. Indeed, she has scarcely emerged from the romping period.

*Photo* *Beresford*

**A Great Imperialist: The Earl of Cromer**

Who made a stirring speech on the development of the Soudan at the opening of the Nile-Red Sea Railway

A practical example of the vast expansion of British influence has been fully shown us by the opening of the railway from Suakim to Berber, Suakim being the port of the Soudan on the Red Sea by which a vast and fertile province, extending, geographically, over an area larger than the whole of Europe, is brought at once to meet the requirements of these hustling days of commerce. With the whole of the Soudan covered with a network of railways, and with the Nile dammed in a scientific manner, Egypt is about to become one of the most important producers of cotton in the world. Even now she is vieing with India and America, and it is probable that the richness of her soil will enable her to compete with other countries in many valuable commodities, such as wine and fruit. And all this has been brought about by the genius of that great Imperialist, Lord Cromer.

**The Engagement Ring**

THE FIANCÉE: "Yes, Percy placed it on my finger last night—isn't it a beauty?"

HER DEAREST FRIEND: "Yes; but in about a fortnight you'll find it will make a funny black mark on your finger. *It did on mine*

*DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD*

# Art Exhibitions in London

The old-time controversy, "Is Photography a Fine Art?" has been again revived, and by none other than the inexhaustible Mr. Bernard Shaw. "G.B.S." has himself been photographed—not by the vulgar snapshotter, or by the conventional photographer, but by an apostle of the doctrine that the function of the camera is to "create," to express the moods of the artist, not merely to record realities, and play the drudge to Dame Nature, to wit Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn, and in connection with an exhibition of this gentleman's work now taking place, Mr. Shaw, in a preface to his catalogue, says:—

> The decisive quality in a photographer is the faculty of seeing certain things and being tempted by them. Any man who makes photography the business of his life can acquire technique enough to do anything he really wants to do; where there's a will there's a way. It is Mr. Coburn's vision and susceptibility that make him interesting, and make his fingers clever. . . .

This is, indeed, high enough tribute to the maker of the art-photo—should one call it the super-photo?—but hear what Mr. Shaw says of the portrait of himself taken by this artist

> Look at the profile portrait of myself *en penseur* a mere strip of my head. Here the exposure is precisely right, and the definition exquisite without the least hardness. . . . He is free of that clumsy tool—the human hand—which will always go its own single way and no other

I congratulate super-photographers on their good fortune in having Mr Shaw's approval, wishing that I myself could enter their tabernacle. But, personally, I consider that the best photograph is the clearest print of the clearest subject, and have an idea that much of the "art" of the "new" photograph is contained in the subtle mounting, and the more or less weird tint of the paper chosen for its printing. Nevertheless, there is a solid body of opinion in favour of the art photo, which is certainly gradually ousting from domestic walls the indifferent oil of old, and perhaps that is something to be thankful for, apart altogether from the merits of the question at issue.

* * *

London, usually the social centre of the universe, has, ever since Christmas, had its nose quite out of joint. The election, which necessitated so many people being in or near their country constituencies, hunting, house-parties, and, lastly, the attractions at Biarritz, where, by-the-bye, Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester has taken a villa, and will go as soon as she is well enough to travel, and the already-begun exodus to the South, have all combined to make London, socially speaking, a dull spot. An unexpected rendezvous, however, revealed itself last week at the New Gallery, where Rodin's "Le Baiser," copy of the original though it is, and Bartholemé's "Adam et Eve," are filling their admirers with thanksgiving that such form and such beauty can still exist, if inanimate, in this tired old world. The rooms have been full every afternoon with well-known people, and a picture which has come in for considerable attention is Mr. John Lavery's "The Ladies Evelyn and Norah Hely-Hutchinson."

* * *

Princes of the Blood Royal and their friends have long been the patrons of the painters in miniature. Some of the earliest of these little pictures were painted by Holbein for his Royal employer. The romance and martyrdom of Charles Stuart was a prolific source of revenue to this class of painter. When loyalty some harm meant, it was convenient to have the portrait of the King over the water concealed in a ring or button. The miniatures of the return of the Stuarts are among the finest that still survive. After that time the art fell away for a time, but revived once more under the late Georges, and was made popular by that remarkable man and accomplished painter in little, Richard Cosway. For a time he prospered, under the benign wing of the then Prince of Wales. Both George IV. and his canonical wife, Mrs. Fitzherbert, died, at widely different dates, with a Cosway portrait of their early love in their close possession. Memoirs of the eighteenth century frequently mention the gift of miniatures; but after that came the Victorian age and the inexpensive photograph, and the art flagged and failed.

*Photo* *Illustrations Bureau*

**Mr. Bostock, the famous dealer in wild animals, examining a lion suffering from toothache**

* * *

At the present day, once more, this form of painting is being tended with careful hands. The Royal Society of Miniature Painters is holding its Eleventh Annual Exhibition, and the growing number of those interested in the subject may compare the work of to-day with the past. Mr. Cecil J. Hobson shows a charming portrait of Mrs. Wilfrid Grantham, and an equally pretty little picture of the daughter of Mr. Hartmann. Mr. Hal Hurst's "Mrs. Gordon-Yardley" fills the frame with a nice sense of proportion, and Miss Palmer's "Lettice" is very pleasant. The three best pieces of work in the exhibition, judged by classic ideals, are to be found in the "Robert Roy, Esq.," by Mr. Lionel Heath; the

# Royal Society of Miniature Painters

MRS. GORDON-YARDLEY.
*BY* HAL HURST, R.M.S., R.I.

"LETTICE"
*BY* ELEANOR PALMER, A.R.W.S.

STUDIES OF CHILDREN
*BY* CECIL J. HOBSON, R.M.S.
*AND* ALYN WILLIAMS, R.M.S., R.B.A., R.C.A.

MRS. WILFRID GRANTHAM.
*BY* CECIL J. HOBSON, R.M.S., R.I.

"JAPONICA"
*BY* HARRISON MILLER, R.M.S.

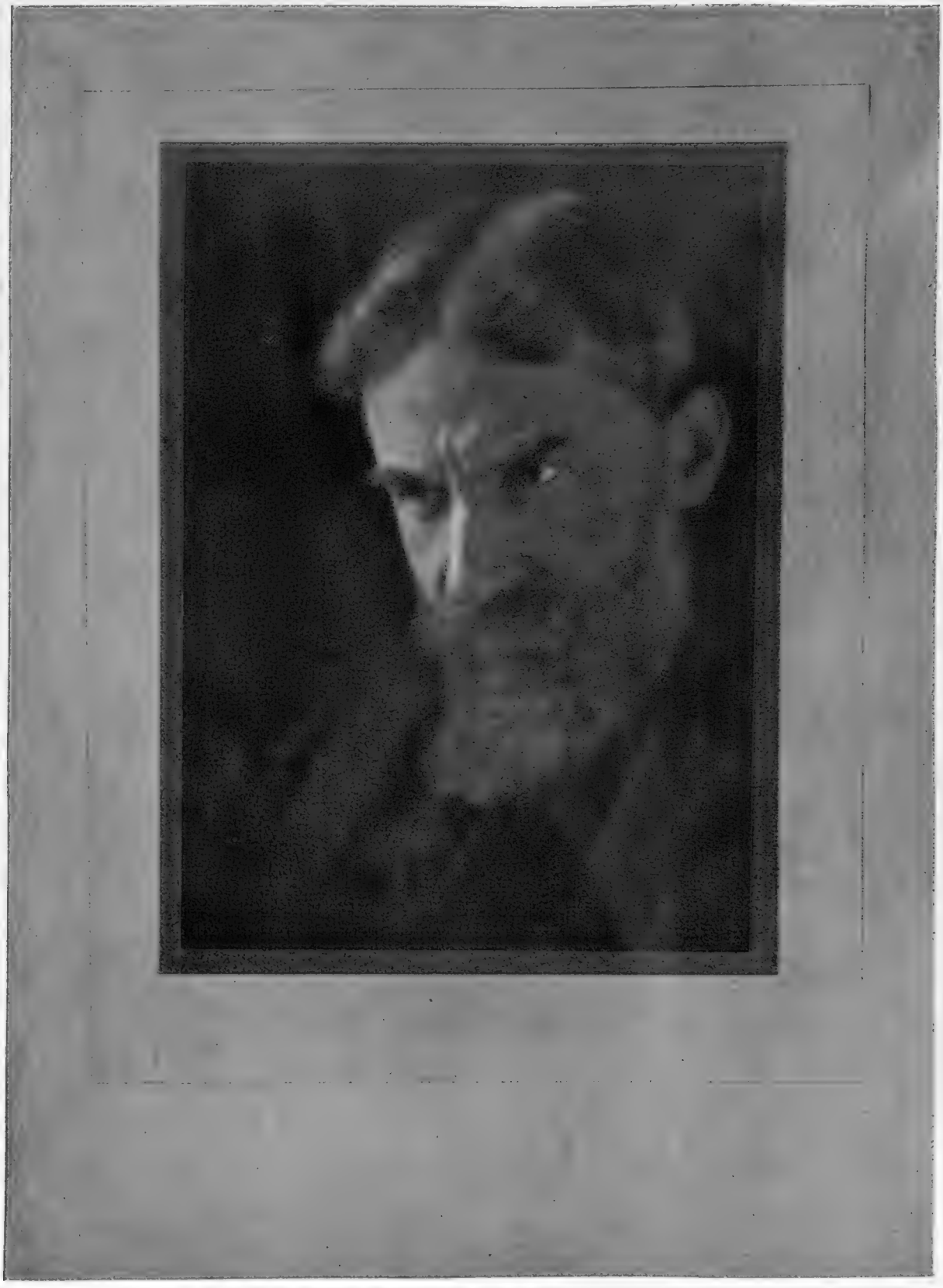
ELEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION

# Is Photography a Fine Art?

**Winter Shadows: An impression by Alvin Langdon Coburn**

The above picture, taken from an exhibition at the Royal Photographic Society of Mr. Coburn's work, is an example of "art in photography," in which Mr. Bernard Shaw has expressed himself a believer

# Mr. Shaw on Photos and Super-Photos



**Portrait of Mr. Bernard Shaw "en penseur"**

A remarkable photographic study of the celebrated dramatist by Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn, which Mr. Shaw has himself eulogised as "a definition exquisite without the least hardness"

# Concert-Givers and the Cold Public

"Mother" of Miss Broadhead, and the head of "Lawrence Williamson," by Mr. Alyn Williams. This latter painter has also a "Siren," a nude figure of a girl by the sea. One has seen a vast number of nudities in miniature, but never one painted with more purity of sentiment, dignity, and charm.

* * *

Several of our Royal ladies are splendid performers on the piano. Had her lines been cast in other places, the Grand Duchess Cyril of Russia (*née* Princess Melita of Edinburgh) might have made her fortune as a pianist. Her mother, Marie, Duchess of Coburg, also plays very well, and of Princess Henry of Battenberg, Madame Albani once said, "The Princess accompanies me at sight better than anyone I know." Princess Ena has inherited much of her mother's talent in this direction, and both plays and sings very prettily indeed.

* * *

The concert recital season has opened in grim earnest, and just now the critic is receiving invitations to the various concert halls, to attend all of which it would be necessary for him, any day of any week, to be in about six places simultaneously, and to have the nerve-system of a mammoth or mastodon.

* * *

The distressing part of it is that each of the givers of the twenty or more weekly recitals—vocal, violin, or piano—at the West-End concert halls, is, as a general rule, a mature artist, both in talent and training. Though the bulk of the auditors are necessarily friends, and show sympathetic approval, it is, nevertheless, the fact that of all captious critics (*sotto voce*) none is the equal of the shirt-fronted (or low-necked) "friend" who occupies the free seat, and to be fit to face such criticism at all a soloist must have risen far above drawing-room mediocrity. But yet very rarely do these recital concerts draw the outer public; and as the public likes good singing and playing, why should this be so?

**Miss Evalyn Amethe**

The young English violinist, whose recitals at the Æolian Hall and elsewhere have proved her to possess a fine technique and intonation

Probably because, at the present time, the concert hall is outside the entertainment circle of the average man. If the managers of the various halls would popularise the usually dull, stereotyped "recital" by permitting smoking, and enlivening the performance by bioscope shows, "refined" variety turns, "little bits"—not symphonies—by the "band," a possible conjurer or society entertainer, the real hero or heroine of the affair, the débutant soloist, with the limelight upon him, might have a genuine chance of becoming known to another and a larger world than London's tiny musical circle.

* * *

One cannot, meanwhile, help feeling sympathy with the individuals called upon to fight the hard struggle for fame in our fickle and overcrowded city, and, as a case in point, may be cited Miss Evalyn Amethe, the young violinist, whose portrait we are publishing here, a recital by whom took place at the Æolian Hall on February 6. Miss Amethe started as an Eistedfodd competitor, at which she won the golden opinions of Mr. Joseph Bennett. Afterwards, she took certificates and diplomas, and, on the advice of Wilhelmj, started her career in London by a début at St. James's Hall. Her technique and tone alike are specially to be commended, especially as regards her up and down staccato effects.

* * *

It is interesting to note, out of the mass of names of concert-givers this month, that of Mr. Geoffrey Besant, the second son of the famous novelist, Sir Walter Besant, who gives a vocal recital at the Steinway on Friday afternoon, the 23rd, having recently returned from studying his art in Paris. Mr. Besant will include in his programme a rarely heard song by Saint-Saëns, "Le Pas d'Armes du Roi Jean." Mlle. Camilla Landi, the soloist at the Queen's Hall Symphony Concert, on January 22, gave undiluted satisfaction. Her rendering of two Russian songs, Borodine's "Cavatina" (Princess Igor) and César Cui's Circassian song, was as pleasing as they were weird and unfamiliar.

BYSTANDER.

# Paris Week by Week

PARIS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3 By FRANCES KEYZER

The excitement around the picture by Giorgione, representing Christ with the Cross, that has disappeared from the Loschi Palace at Vicenza, and has been found in the Gardner collection in Boston, is making the Parisians smile. These so-called marvellous "disappearances" are, if not of daily occurrence, at least very frequent, and will continue to be so as long as the law in Italy prohibits Italians from disposing of their own property. It is all very well for the Italians to desire to keep their works of art in their country; but it seems hard that a man in want of a little ready money should not be allowed to sell one of his pictures. To say that he can seek a purchaser all over Italy is laughable Only ten years ago there was a similar outcry about some of the masterpieces in the Sciarri collection, when one of the Rothschilds bought the "Violin Player," by Raphael, and Perugini's "San Sebastian" was acquired by the Louvre. If I am not mistaken, £6,800 was paid for "San Sebastian."

**Giorgione's masterpiece**

Which mysteriously "disappeared" from the Loschi Palace at Vicenza, and was discovered in the Gardner collection in Boston. The subject is "Christ with the Cross"

Parisians know how the trick is done. There are innumerable ways of smuggling pictures out of Italy. The easiest and safest is in the tourists' luggage; and many small canvases have crossed the frontier wound round a travelling rug, with umbrellas and sticks inside. Not long ago, a very valuable painting, now figuring in a private museum, travelled behind a looking glass, between the mercury and the wood. In another instance, a lady managed to pass her trunk unopened by slipping two francs into the Custom House official's hand. This was just a graceful gift, as the lady was in a hurry, for there is never much fuss made about personal luggage leaving Italy. That this trunk contained a small work for which she had paid a large sum, and which, according to law, should have remained in the country, was never suspected, goes without saying.

### Italian Masterpieces in Boston

Boston seems to be the home for Italian art at the present moment, but Mrs. Jack Gardner, who bought a palace in Venice and reconstructed it in Boston, has not fared well with the American Customs, who raised a thousand difficulties at the reception of the stones. There is nothing original in the idea of transplanting a house to another country. This has been done scores of times. In the Cours-la-Reine—the avenue running along the Seine from the Rue Jean-Gaujon

A palace bought in Venice and reconstructed in Boston, U.S.A., by Mrs. Jack Gardner, a well-known Society woman

to the Place de la Concorde—is a building taken bodily from Moret-sur-Loing, near Fontainebleau. There is a rather amusing history attached to this house, which was left to the heirs with the proviso that they had to live in it; and as they did not care to pass their lives in the sleepy little village of Moret, like the snails, they wandered from the place taking their house with them. Who knows but that history may repeat itself in the case of the Venetian Palace at Boston? And that Mrs. Gardner's descendant may prefer the sunny surroundings of Venice to the atmosphere of the American city.

*Phot.*] **Gobelin Tapestry** [*Universel-Photo*

Presented by the French Government to Miss Alice Roosevelt as a wedding present

#### France's Present to Miss Roosevelt

It has been said by a London daily paper expert that the tapestry from the Gobelin's manufactory, to be presented to Miss Roosevelt by the French Government, "has been done in fewer shades of colour than usual, as a precaution against fading." This is quite a mistaken notion, for, no matter how few or how many colours are used in the Gobelin's tapestries, they must all be equally fast. The idea of the weaver has been a greater and a more artistic one. In former years tapestries were worked on broader lines, and painted with the same gradations of colour as a picture. It is the object in "the manuscript," the work in question, to return to the simpler treatment, making tapestry, in fact, look like tapestry, and not like painting.

#### Popular National Lotteries

The plan for making a popular theatre in Paris and the provinces is likely to be carried out. The funds towards the undertaking are to be raised by means of a national lottery. £320,000 are required to launch the scheme—a gigantic amount—but in a rich country like France easily found, especially as these lotteries appeal to the lower classes. We had a proof of this not long ago in the Press Lottery for £1,200,000, which was subscribed for over and over again within a week. It is a fine democratic idea to give the people opportunities to hear masterpieces of every kind—comprising operas, tragedies, comedies, operettes, etc.—performed by the very best artists. The prices, almost needless to say, will be popular; good seats obtainable as low as sixpence—a great educational scheme that might be followed in other countries. Englishmen in Paris are discussing it, and some are of opinion that the money could be better applied in building more healthy dwellings for the poor. But Paris, it must be remembered, is a greater centre for Art than Hygiene. The Parisian of the people will sooner spend his money on a fine play than on an improved sanitary arrangement. He would rather see *Tartuffe* than alter what he has never troubled about, and what was "good enough for father."

#### The Dressmakers' Ball

We have had the Bal de la Coutourière, the dressmakers' ball, that takes places each year at the Continental Hotel, and attracts all the young men, dancers or otherwise. Everybody goes to this celebrated ball to see the pretty girls from the leading dressmaking establishments, in the fine feathers provided by their chiefs. To-day, it is announced that the milliners are also to have their ball, organised for the same charitable motives of defraying the expenses of a workgirls' home. But the question of the success of this undertaking has to be studied. The big millinery houses that line the Rue de la Paix, and are to be found on every floor in the Opera quarter, will gladly provide the hats. "But who will find the dresses?" say the little assistants. "We cannot come to a ball in a ten-guinea hat and an inadequate dress," is echoed from street to street. The difficulty has to be met. And it has been met. Would you know how? In the easiest way in the world—of Paris. The half-ladies are to settle the matter. And what more natural? Is there a half-lady in the city, think you, who has not a work-girl in her family; or a work-girl who cannot boast of a half-lady as cousin or aunt? And could anything be more natural, I repeat, than the loan of a dress to members of a family? So the laces and brocades, the embroideries and tulles, from expensive dressmakers, will unite at the ball with the hats from expensive milliners. And young men and old will go again. And who will complain when the object is attained? If the little Cinderellas do not all marry Princes, they will find a home to shelter them when they are past work, and will dance again, in fancy, at the ball that helped to secure it them.

# Motors for Mountain Transit

## THE ST. BERNARD HOSPICE TO WHICH CARS ARE TO CLIMB

**Singing High Mass before the statue of St. Bernard, the founder of the Hospice**

The St. Bernard monks, who are seen above singing High Mass before the statue of St. Bernard, the founder of the Hospice, are to provide chauffeurs in a proposed motor-car service between the St. Bernard and Simplon Hospices, to which they will convey tourists in the summer. The Hospice of St. Bernard can shelter 300 travellers, and stands almost on the crest of the mountain

*Photos]* **Dogs of St. Bernard Hospice in their enclosure** *[J. Brocherel*

To the general public, the chief point of interest in the Hospice of St. Bernard is the work of the dogs, who aid the servants to search for passers-by in storms, some of whom have saved many lives

# At the Hospice of St. Bernard

*Photo* *J. Beckerel*

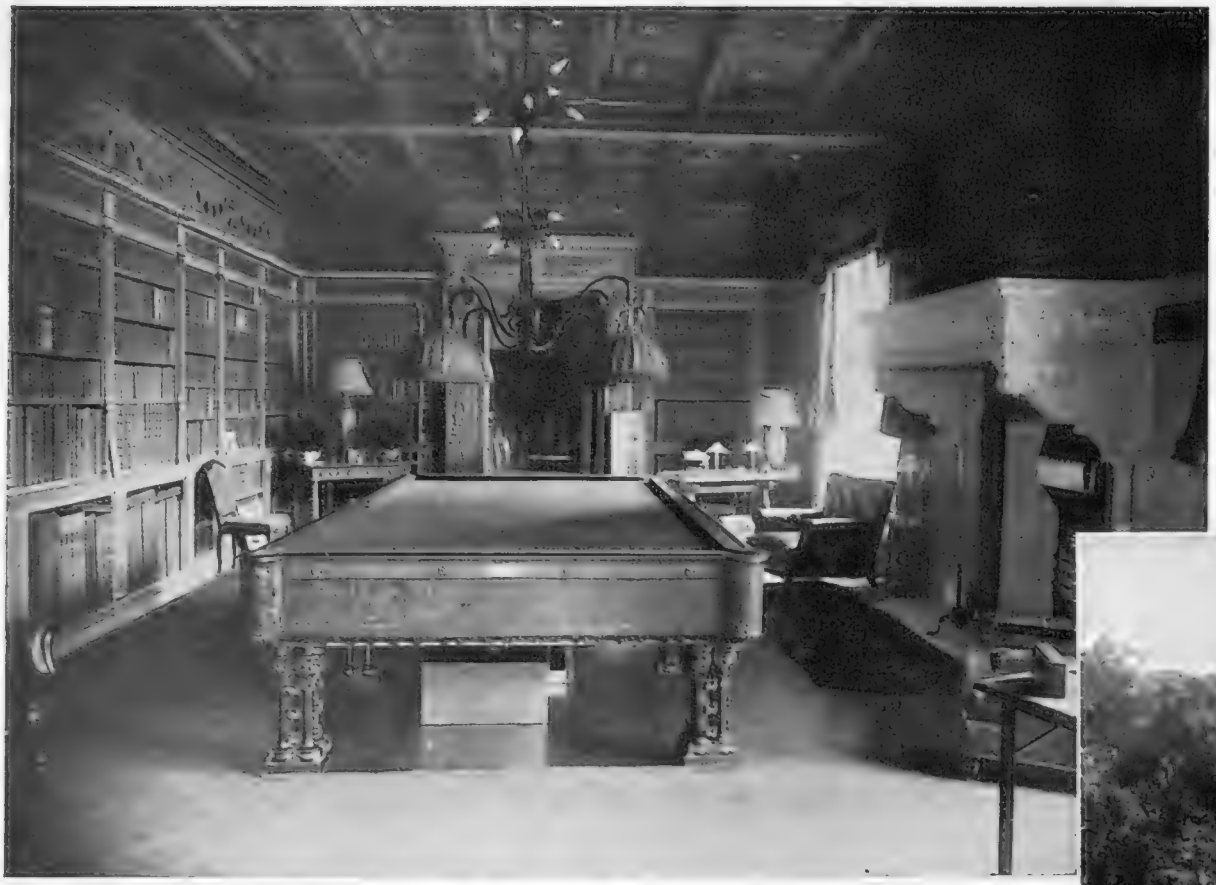
**Bridge connecting the buildings when the snow is too deep**

This covered way is used as a means of communication between the two buildings of St. Bernard Hospice when the snow is over the ground doors. The Hospice is an Augustinian establishment, A.D. 962, and is 8,000 feet above the sea

# Mountaineering: Old Style

*Photo]* **The old beaten track over the St. Bernard Pass** *[J. Brockerel*

It will interest tourists to know that the above difficulties will be avoided in the future. When the motor service between the St. Bernard and Simplon Hospices is inaugurated, cars constructed to climb steep gradients, guided by "chauffeurs in cowls," will be the approved tourist method of ascending the heights



THE BILLIARD ROOM

LADY WARWICK'S BOUDOIR

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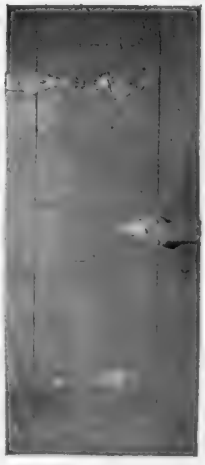
# The Connoisseur.

## COLLECTING THE ANTIQUE

In regard to the more desired examples of the arts, as applied to the intimacies and decoration of the home, each passing decade makes the way of the snapper-up of well-considered trifles more and more difficult. The old accidental happenings in farmhouses and the cottages of an unenlightened peasantry have gone for ever. They say that Tottenham Court Road supplies the most distant islands of this country with examples of the neo-antique suitable for the taste of the tourist, and that many an historic house has been refurnished with chairs and tables, presses, chests, and four-posters, which may be described as being "as good as old," and which sell at the same prices.



Lock and hinges of cut and "blued" steel

### An Interesting "Find"

The illustration on this page shows one of the rarest things the world of collectors now holds —a "find" of undoubted interest and antiquity. Mr. H. M. Paull, the well-known dramatist, happened on this massive and decorative wardrobe in excellent condition, and with locks and other fittings that show it to be of great, but of that rather uncertain, age. That it has been restored to some extent is probable; for the second photograph, showing part of the lock and hinges, shows also that the inside of one of the doors is of pine — a comparatively modern interpolation, no doubt.

Although entirely of another world to that of the large wardrobe, the small chair in front of the fine old panelled doors is of an especial interest. It is one of the "Coronation" seats used in Westminster Abbey at the crowning of His Majesty. This kind of chair will one day be sought after by the collector of historic mementoes rather than by the connoisseur of the beautiful.

An interesting "find"

A massive and decorative wardrobe picked up by Mr. H. M. Paull, the dramatist

### Domestic Decoration

For domestic decoration to-day, however, there is no period so admirably suited as the eighteenth century. In England, at least, the art and craft of furniture was then at its zenith, and now that time has done something to weed out the less satisfactory examples, what remains is a true delight. But even when the glories of the cabinet-makers, whose names are too familiar to quote, were passing, there was still interesting work being produced. But with the furore for old furniture, which has, of late years, filled the minds of men, even indifferent periods have been greatly copied, and reproduced, and "faked." And yet, when all the difficulties are known, the collector is sometimes happy. Now and then he lights on

A musky haunt of lavender and shells,
Quaint-figured Chinese monsters, toys, and trays—
A life's collection—where each object tells
Of fashions gone and half-forgotten ways.

A glossy screen, where wide-mouthed dragons ramp;
A vexed inscription in a sampler-frame;
A shade of beads upon a red-capped lamp;
A child's mug graven with a golden name.

And finds among the treasures of some small householder some piece, neglected and undesired, that fills his heart with delight, and enables him to complete, say, his set of "Mason" jugs, or give distinction to a corner of his drawing-room with a satinwood card-table that Angelica Kauffmann has made doubly graceful with her delicate art. E. M.

OUR SERIES OF WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 9.

# STRANGLING CUPID

By Mrs. RONALD MACLACHLAN

"Let the great book of the world be your principal study."—*Chesterfield.*

Woman cultivates smiles all her life. Man curbs them. So Mrs. Gaspard smiled as she remarked to her husband across the breakfast table, "What can Lady Hallifar be writing to me about?" The envelope was sealed with the Hallifar arms, and so carefully stuck down that it was difficult to open.

Captain Gaspard was enjoying his breakfast. He avoided conversation on these occasions. But the kidneys and bacon may not have been so palatable as usual, for he positively accorded his wife an answer:

"About that young cub of hers, I expect."

"Really, what an impertinence! But it is quite funny. Larry, do read it. Did you know I was breaking Johnny Hallifar's heart, for *I* didn't?"

Mrs. Gaspard threw the letter across the table.

"Can't be bothered—read it out, Betty."

With a little flush on her pretty face, she read:

Hill Street, May 4.

DEAR MRS. GASPARD,—Will you forgive me for what I am going to say? I feel sure you will. I know you are a good as well as a charming woman, or I should not be writing to you as I am. My son, as you must know, is very much in love with you. He is young, fortunately, and will probably get over it. In the meantime he will speak to no other woman but you. I am very anxious to see him happily married. My life has been full of sorrow—forgive me for intruding my troubles on you—and my one hope and my one happiness lies in my son. It is so important that he should marry—will you help me? You can if you will. In fact, I can do nothing; but you can do anything you like with him. Will you give him opportunities of meeting Miss Grey? I know she is a friend of yours. I am very fond of her, and she is just the wife I would choose for John. She is as good and sweet as she is beautiful. You love your husband, therefore a boy's devotion, although flattering, is nothing to you. I appeal to you as a good and generous woman to help me. Make me happy, and my son also; and I shall remain, ever your sincerely grateful friend, M. M. H. HALLIFAR.

P.S.—I need hardly say that I am sure you will regard this letter as strictly confidential.

Captain Gaspard laughed.

"That's a facer, old girl. What are you going to do?"

"I don't know, Larry; I must think it over. I wish she hadn't appealed to my 'goodness.' Such subtle flattery penetrates to the very core of my being, which shows I must be rather good, doesn't it? The best of it is, I fancied I was such an elevating influence for Johnny!"

Captain Gaspard laughed again.

"Well, I must be off; I ordered the motor for 10.30."

His wife went to the mirror, and with a hat-pin coaxed her wavy hair to precisely the correct outline that should be becoming to her *mignonne* face. She was in her riding-habit.

"I think it suits me to have my hat a wee bit on one side, don't you, Larry? How I dislike the type of man who wears his hat exactly straight, and tipped over the nose. You know that everything 'virtuous' will appeal to him, and at heart he is probably an arrant humbug, which it appears I am going to be. I have made up my mind to give Johnny his *congé*—and yet I put my hat on one side! We women are a mass of inconsistencies, aren't we?"

No answer came from Captain Gaspard. He was writing a telegram. Then he looked up.

"I am taking your tip, Betty, and backing 'Inconsistencies' for a place."

"And paying no attention whatever to my monologue!" Betty Gaspard sighed as she took up her gloves and stick. "Come and mount me, Larry, and speed me—to perdition? Would you mind much if I did go there?"

"No. I should follow you with someone else."

"I should kill the someone else, Larry," she whispered, so that the servant should not hear.

"Well, good-bye, old boy."

"Good-bye," and Captain Gaspard watched his pretty wife trot away.

There were not many people riding in the Park that morning, but, of course, Sir John Hallifar was there. He cantered up to Mrs. Gaspard directly she appeared. He looked fresh and smart as usual, and sat his pony as if part of it.

"You are late, Mrs. Gaspard. I have been waiting for you quite half an hour."

"You silly boy!"

"Why silly? Have I done anything very foolish since I saw you last?"

"No," and Mrs. Gaspard reflectively stroked Ranelagh's satin skin. "But I expect you haven't done anything very wise."

"What is the matter? You are cross with me," and Johnny Hallifar looked distressed. "The Captain hasn't cut up rough about my always being with you, has he?"

Then Betty Gaspard really laughed.

"Oh! Johnny, Johnny, you mustn't be so funny. I am sure it is bad to begin the day with laughing, I shall end it with crying."

"You are very unkind," and Johnny angrily flicked his pony's ears.

"I don't mean to be unkind," and she half put out her white gloved hand, which he hastily snatched, and she as hastily withdrew.

"I know, but you rag me so cruelly sometimes."

"But we are such friends I feel I can say anything

**Our next week's story will be "Yellow Jasmine," by Charles Marriott**

*(All rights strictly reserved)*

I like to you. And you know I have your interest at heart, don't you?"

The young man turned eager grey eyes to the woman at his side.

"Of course I do. You are a ripper. And I simply worship you." His voice was husky with emotion.

"Do you really? I love to be worshipped, Johnny; placed on a pedestal, you know."

"Oh, I don't do that!"

"You don't? But you look up to me and revere me?" she said, with forced solemnity.

"Yes, but I don't look on you as a statue."

Betty's blue eyes flashed with mirth.

"I am quite as cold," she said, demurely.

"You are not, you are not. You are so beautiful, and sweet, and dear. You couldn't be cold."

"Well, we won't discuss my temperature, it is too hot this morning."

"I like to imagine we are engaged," Hallifar said, after a pause. "How awfully proud I should be of you!"

"But I am years and years older than you!"

"You do exaggerate, four or five isn't much. Some of the happiest marriages I know are those where the husband is much younger than his wife."

"No doubt, but it doesn't affect us—as—unfortunately, I am not free."

"You say 'unfortunately,'" there was a catch in Hallifar's voice. "Do you mean it? Would—would you have married me, had you been single?"

Mrs. Gaspard puckered her brow. "I'm—I'm not sure, Johnny. Oh! yes, I expect I would. I should have been persuaded into it you know, because you are rather a catch!" And she laughed merrily in his eager impassioned face.

"You won't be serious with me. Don't you care for me just a little, Betty?"

"I like you enormously."

"Well, I shall never love anyone as I love you. You are never out of my thoughts, day or night."

"How you must get to hate your thoughts. But you are a bit of a duck, Johnny. All the same, it is said that a man's first love is only a preparation for his second!"

"There will be no second for me"

"*Nous verrons!* In the meantime I do appreciate your love. But hadn't we better have a gallop and dispel a little of it? Come along, I'll race you." Mrs. Gaspard urged Ranelagh to a canter, and they sped up the Row in the sunshine, light of heart and light of conscience.

All Betty's resolutions were forgotten. When they reached the top corner there were a few people seated. Mrs. Gaspard's eyes looked over them carelessly. Then she started, and her breath caught in her throat. At the same time Johnny Hallifar snatched off his hat, and promptly looked the other way.

"Was that your mother, Johnny?" All the gaiety had gone from Betty Gaspard's voice. The look of piteous appeal on Lady Hallifar's face struck her like a blow.

"Yes, I can't think what she is doing here. Such rot to come out so early! But I shall ride with whom I like," he said angrily. "Come on, Mrs. Gaspard, let's canter to the other end."

Betty made no reply. She knew then that Lady Hallifar had spoken to her son about herself. Her conscience smote her. Something in the other's pale sad face appealed to her oddly. Supposing her own wee son should form some hopeless attachment to a married woman when he grew up, how she would hate it. It was no secret that the late Sir John Hallifar had been openly disloyal to a wife who had been heroically loyal to him. And now her son was disappointing her.

They rode some minutes in silence.

"May I come to tea this afternoon?" Hallifar asked, in his usual voice.

"No, not to-day, Johnny. I have heaps to do!"

"But mayn't I bring the motor and take you shopping, or wherever you want to go after? Don't tease me, Betty darling."

"You are not to call me by my Christian name. I have told you that over and over again. It is bad form."

"Please let me. I love you so——"

"Then don't. Remember we are only flirting."

"Flirting! My God, then what is love?"

"You are so dreadfully sentimental to-day, and you forget I am a married woman." Mrs. Gaspard looked straight ahead. She would not turn to Johnny, although she was conscious of the gaze of his eloquent eyes.

"I can't understand you. One minute you are sweet to me, and the next you are horrid."

"To tell the truth—I think—I am a little—just a little—tired of your devotion."

The boy turned white to his lips.

"You can't mean what you say. You said only a minute ago you liked me to love you—what is it?"

"Nothing—excepting that I am fickle, I suppose, and instead of changing gradually I have changed suddenly, that's all! You know you always said I wasn't like other women, and I am only living up to your idea of me," she said, laughing lightly.

In a perfectly controlled voice, but with a look of anguish in his young face, Hallifar answered rather slowly:

"This is—an awful blow to me—a regular knock-me-downer, because so unexpected; but you have every right to give me my *congé*, Mrs. Gaspard, if your want to. But you don't mean that I am never to see you? Because I simply must sometimes. Don't take everything away from me that makes life worth living. You will never know what you are to me. I swear to you that I won't make love to you if you will let me come and see you occasionally. It will be bad enough not to see you every day." And, despite his control, Johnny Hallifar's voice was not quite steady.

"Don't, don't be tragic, dear boy. Oh, bother! I have got a fly in my eye," and Mrs. Gaspard was some time extricating it. "A monster," she said, as she put away her handkerchief. "I must be going home now, and, Johnny, be your usual plucky old self over this. You knew that some day our great friendship had to cease. You won't let me call it flirtation, and I can't help my nature, and it rather proves that I am not worth your love! Let me see, to-day is Tuesday; come to dinner on Friday. I'll ask one or two other people. My friend, Agneta Grey,

That evening she seemed sympathetic. Did she guess how wretched he was? And she talked of his horses and his dogs and his motors, all of which subjects were of interest to Johnny

*DRAWN BY MISS D. CURTIS* *(TO ILLUSTRATE OUR WORLDLY STORY)*

is coming; she is rather a good sort, isn't she? And we'll make her sing."

"I never want anyone but you," he answered, in a low voice.

"But I want lots of other people besides you! I must go home now. Good-bye. I am your pal always, Johnny, but nothing more."

Betty Gaspard refrained from looking at Johnny as she turned out at Stanhope Gate. He did not attempt to follow, but, with a dull pain at his heart, rode moodily home.

* * *

"Can I come in?" and without waiting for an answer Captain Gaspard came into his wife's room, dressed for dinner.

Betty Gaspard rose from her seat by the dressing-table. "Do I look nice?"

"No," said the Captain, "positively plain."

"Ah," said Betty, with a sigh. "I am putting Johnny Hallifar 'off.' It is a trying process."

"It's rot. Let the boy be happy. It keeps him out of mischief."

"So I thought, but I have given my word to Lady Hallifar, and I mean to carry it through, and I shall send him in with Agneta Grey, and watch her cut me out!"

"How amusing."

"Not at all for me, but I am going to do it. But do you know it was a great blow to him when I gave him his *congé*. Some boys feel things awfully. He's very sweet."

"I did not know you had written to her."

"Yes, I wrote the very day I received her letter. I told her I would do my best."

"Doing your best is not looking your best, apparently."

"Of course not."

"You women are precious deep."

"Not deep; subtle, Larry—subtle."

"Well, subtle; but I'm hanged if I like your hair like that. I shall be taking my *congé*, too!"

"But it makes me look so virtuous. I have come to the conclusion that no really good woman—I mean superlatively good—ever had curly hair. Because I have not waved my hair, I have instantly become the incarnation of morality—a hopeless prig. And I am going to be one to-night. Don't laugh at me, Larry, but just back me up."

"All right, come along," and Captain Gaspard kissed his wife's white brow. "Let's see, who takes who?"

"You take Mrs. Mornington, Johnny takes Agneta, and Major Story me, only six of us."

Sir John Hallifar was the first arrival. He was very pale, and looked more than his twenty-five years. A little powder helps to cover a woman's lines of care. A man has no such armour.

Mrs. Gaspard smiled charmingly, but coldly, as she greeted her guest. There was no little understanding pressure of the hand which she so often accorded him, and Johnny's soul sank. Then Miss Grey came, tall and slender and dark eyed, a girl who was very sporting but essentially feminine. Johnny shook hands with her perfunctorily. He had always found her pleasant, but there was only one woman in the world for him. However, that evening she seemed sympathetic. Did she guess how wretched he was? And she talked of his horses and his dogs and his motors, all of which subjects were of interest to Johnny.

Mrs. Gaspard, on the other hand, suddenly betrayed the most straight-laced views on life. Her morals struck the level of Tooting. She never addressed Hallifar at all till dessert came, then it was only to refuse a cigarette.

"But I thought you liked these of mine." Hallifar held out his little gold case to her, the old look of adoration in his eyes. It was one of her presents to him.

"No, thanks. I have given up smoking. I think it is vulgar for women to smoke."

"Vulgar—but why?" Johnny looked perplexed.

"You ask such tiresome questions," she said petulantly, and turned away. For the first time Hallifar felt a "bit sick," as he would have expressed it, with the capriciousness of his divinity. And he resolved not to speak to her again. The evening rather dragged. Bridge was not played, as there were two over. Mrs. Gaspard protested that she was hoarse and could not sing. Agneta Grey unhesitatingly went to the piano, and poured forth her soul in an exquisite love song. It revived all Johnny's passion for Betty Gaspard. He sat motionless, with his eyes fixed on her face. Once she looked at him, her eyes faltered, and a second longer would have been fatal to her resolution. Then she looked away and yawned behind her fan.

Johnny saw and suffered positive physical pain. He made an excuse to leave early. The coldness of his farewell to his hostess matched hers.

When the door had shut on her guests, Betty flung herself in an armchair and laughed mirthlessly. "What an evening! Larry, a cigarette, quick, and a little whiskey and soda; and I feel inclined to tell you to fetch my waving-irons. Oh! Haven't I been noble? No more little boy friends for me, if I have to go through this each time—why, I war against all my best instincts!"

"You did splendidly, little woman. And if you haven't choked Hallifar off by now, he's a fool. I almost disliked you myself when you aired all those very middle-class views on morals. You of all women to be narrow-minded!"

"It was a fearful effort. And I felt it awfully, being so unkind to that nice boy. He will end by falling in love with Agneta. How pretty she looked, didn't she?"

"Yes, she's a smart girl."

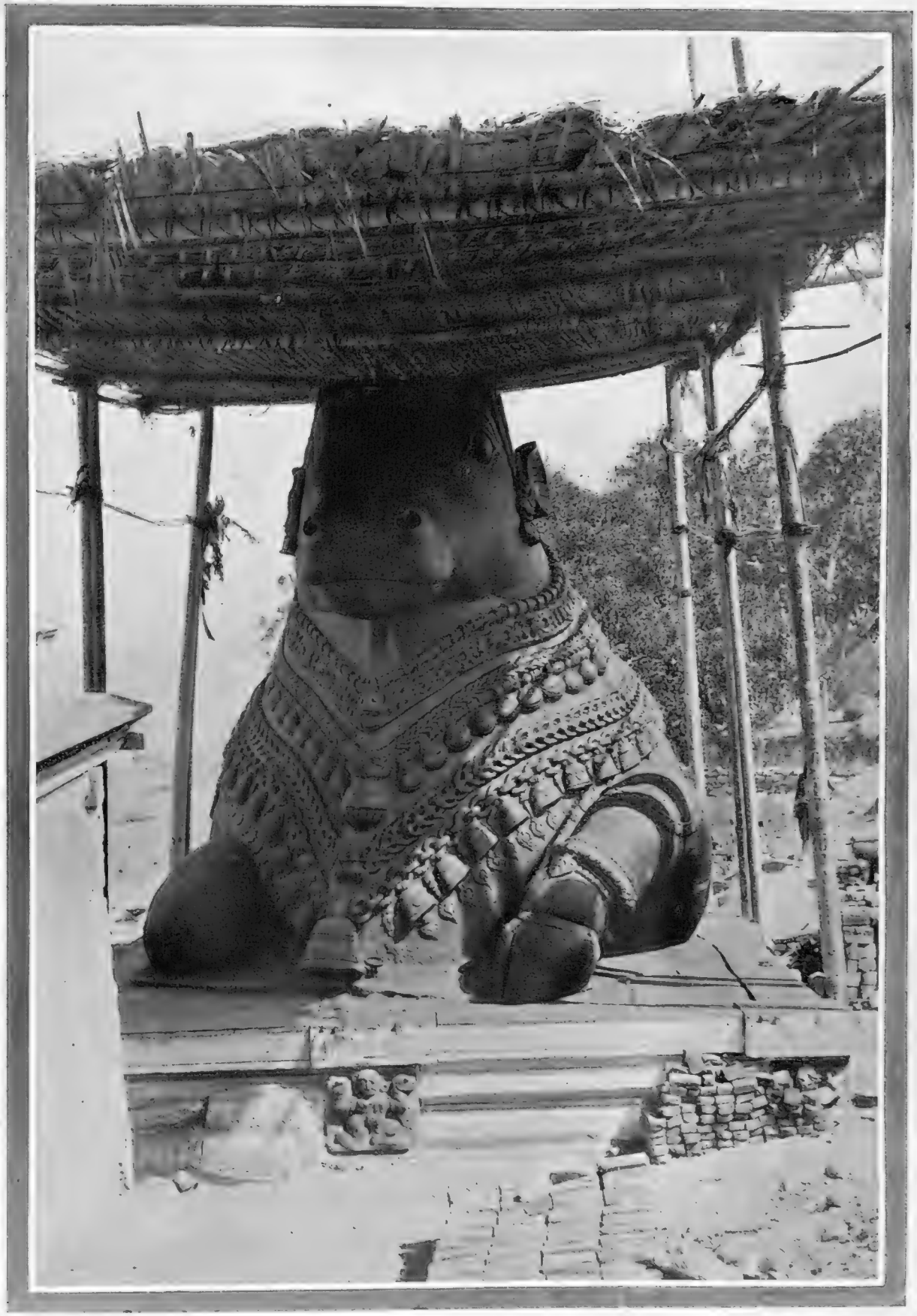
"I suppose, as I am a good woman, I shall be amply compensated for all this in seeing them happily married! Ugh! And I shall be looked on as a sort of fairy godmother. I wish I could feel real elation at the prospect, Larry, but I can't," and Betty Gaspard looked for commendation and encouragement in the placid face of her husband. His thoughts had wandered to the engrossing sport of his life—fishing.

"I must write to Ogilivie to-night about Glendarvan. Do you care to come with me? It means giving up the season."

"I should love it. Let me lure the wily trout instead of the guileless young man—far better sport."

*(Continued on page 292)*

# Where Human Lives were Sacrificed



**Nandi, the Sacred Bull of Siva, Mysore**

The City of Mysore, now being visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales, stands at the base of Chamundi, a hill 3,500 ft. high, on the top of which is a temple. On the way up is seen the Sacred Bull of Siva hewn out of the solid rock. Here, sacrifices of human life were made as late as the time of Hyder Ali

(Continued from page 290)

"Good. We shall have some grand days. I will write at once, and say we want to come in a fortnight's time; will that suit you?"

"Yes," Betty replied, rather sadly.

The days dragged wearily by for Johnny Hallifar. He had sufficient pride not to thrust his society on Mrs. Gaspard, as she had shown so plainly she was tired of it. (He little knew how much she missed him.) He wondered vainly why she had changed so suddenly. Cynics at the club spoke disparagingly of the sex in general, and fickleness was certainly one of their failings. But Mrs. Gaspard was perfect in his eyes, and it was difficult to believe that she was utterly shallow and capricious. For days he hugged his misery, staying moodily in his rooms, and hardly ever going out. Finally the desire for exercise drove him to golf. He hadn't the heart to order his pony and ride by himself; besides which he now wished to avoid Mrs. Gaspard. After a day's golf he felt better. Then he accepted an invitation to a dance, alternately hoping and fearing Mrs. Gaspard would be there. She was not. He was relieved, yet disappointed. Agneta Grey was amongst the guests, and he danced most of the evening with her. Her sympathy was balm to his wounded spirit. She said she knew he was in trouble, would he tell her, could she do anything? He said, "No," but he was greatly touched, and for the first time he noticed that her eyelashes curled like Mrs. Gaspard's; they were longer, he observed that too.

A week later he received a letter from Mrs. Gaspard, and with unsteady hands he tore it open:

Great Cumberland Place, Tuesday.

My Dear Johnny,—We are going up to Scotland for some weeks' fishing, and this is a line of farewell, and advice! The advice is that, when you marry, choose someone with tastes similar to your own, because it means ripping holidays together, such as Larry and I have. Here am I giving up the London season without a pang; we shall not come back at all till the autumn, and mean to have a real good time. Larry sends his love with mine, and we look forward to meeting you again some day. Make hay while the sun shines—it's the only philosophy.—Ever your sincere friend,

Elizabeth Gaspard.

"Elizabeth Gaspard! It used to be 'Betty.' Oh! my God! And it will be months before I see her again." It may have been a cough, or it may have been a sob, that broke the silence in Hallifar's room as he leant on the table with his head in his hands Then he rose, took up a pen, and wrote hurriedly:

My Own Darling,—I must and will call you this. Let me see you once more. Kiss me once before you go. You have broken my heart by your cruelty and abrupt farewell. What have I done? Oh, Mrs. Gaspard—Betty—let me come to you. I still love you and only you.—Your devoted Johnny.

It was a last appeal. In his heart of hearts the boy knew it was hopeless. The following day he received an answer:

Wednesday.

Dear Johnny,—Don't be silly. Larry has often told me that he had quite as desperate a calf-love when he was your age, and he always says she was far more beautiful than me. And he lived to get over it, and love me much more than the first one! Sorry I can't see you, but am too busy.—Farewell,

E. G.

I have destroyed your letter.

* * *

Betty went up North, loathed the fishing, and longed for Johnny to admire her Harris tweed with the short skirt and high boots.

Letters did not reach Glendarvan till dinner time. Once more there was an envelope in Lady Hallifar's handwriting on the table; Betty tore it open:

Hill Street, July 28.

My Dear Mrs. Gaspard,—God bless you! You have made me the happiest of women, and I can never thank you sufficiently for what you have done. My son is engaged to Agneta Grey. He will be writing to you himself, I expect.—With deepest gratitude, I am ever sincerely yours,

M. M. Hallifar.

Betty read and re-read the letter. She began to wonder what Johnny would say when he wrote. He did not write, but Betty wrote to him a short and cordial letter of congratulation. When it reached Johnny, Agneta Grey was looking over his shoulder.

They read it together.

"How sweet she is," remarked Agneta.

"Awful rotter! I don't like a woman like a weathercock—wishing me happiness from her heart. Why, she hasn't got one."

But Lady Hallifar knew she had, and spoke of her as one of the best of women—of course, the world thought Lady Hallifar very generous.

Mrs. Ronald Maclachlan.

One of the Sights of Paris: M. Paul, the well-known bird-charmer of the Tuileries Gardens

# Spring in Spain

SPANISH GIRLS GATHERING CROCUSES FOR THE ENGLISH MARKET

# By Field, Stream, and Covert

**Some Famous Huntsmen**

This week we reproduce the portraits of three famous huntsmen, each of whom has passed practically all his life with hounds. To the sporting Yorkshireman the name of Tom Smith, of the Bramham—"ould Tom Smith" as they begin to call him—is very familiar, and where is the hunting man in these islands who has not heard of Will Dale, so long with the Yarboroughs at Brocklesby Park, and now happily quartered at the famous Badminton Kennels? Ben Capell is the youngest of the three, and he, too, bears a name that has long been well known in the hunting field. Capell was born at Quorn in 1860, and may be said to have been reared with the crack Leicestershire hounds. Tom Firr thought a great deal of the lad, and made him his second horseman. Before he was out of his teens Ben Capell had been appointed to be second whipper-in to the Quorn, and in 1879 he went as first to the Kilkenny; but Lord Lonsdale, who had seen how well the youngster rode with the Quorn, asked him to come to whip-in to the Woodland Pytchley, and this he did for four seasons. It was under Lord Lonsdale's Mastership that Capell began his career with the Blankney Hunt, and the association extended throughout Major Tempest's term of office. In 1896, the important position of huntsman to the Belvoir Hounds—one of the great prizes of the profession—fell vacant owing to the retirement of Frank Gillard, and Capell was appointed to succeed him. Both in the field and in the kennels he has proved himself a worthy guardian of that beautiful pack whose blood is found in nearly every kennel in the kingdom. All that he learnt of hound-breeding from Tom Firr and Lord Lonsdale has stood him in good stead, and it is something to say that the Duke of Rutland's hounds have improved rather than suffered under his management. At the moment of writing, Capell is, unfortunately, laid aside as the result of a bad fall on January 24, when he severely crushed his breast-bone and broke a rib.

**Smith, of the Bramham**

Tom Smith, too, has been kept out of the saddle for a few weeks, a severe chill being the reason in his case; but he is all right again now, and likely to show his followers plenty of sport during the remainder of the season. When a man reaches his sixtieth year, he is not usually so keen to put his horse over all kinds of forbidding jumps as he was in his hot-headed junior days; but Tom Smith still rides very straight, and a knowledge of every inch of Bramham Moor country, coupled with his long experience of hounds and foxes, enables him to be with the pack in all ordinary circumstances. Smith was brought up at the Brocklesby kennels, where for more than a hundred years members of his family were huntsmen in unbroken line. The sequence of Tom Smiths and Will Smiths who served under the Earls of Yarborough

The Belvoir Hounds and their huntsman, Ben Capell, at the meet at Croxton Park

# On the Way to the Meet

**The Duke of Beaufort and the veteran Will Dale starting from Badminton for the meet**

The Duke and his huntsman generally ride to the meet and home from hunting together in the Duke's motor

was quite remarkable, and goes some way towards proving the hereditary nature of the huntsman's rare instinct. The Bramham Moor huntsman has been nearly thirty years at Bramham Park, from whence he rode in many a great run with that notable Yorkshire fox-hunting squire, the late Mr. George Lane-Fox. A Lane-Fox is still at the head of the Bramham Moor Hunt, and the hounds have been in the hands of the family for a century and a half.

**The Duke of Beaufort and His Huntsman**

Will Dale had a fine record with the Brocklesby before he went to serve under the Duke of Beaufort ten years ago, but he has added to his reputation in the wide-spreading Badminton country, where there is a genuine breed of wild foxes, with which tremendous points are sometimes made. Big woodlands have frequently to be traversed, and the work usually calls for exceptional skill from the huntsman. On alternate days this position is shared by the Duke of Beaufort and Will Dale, though there are occasions when they hunt in different parts of the country on the same day, one handling the doghounds and the other the bitches. The Duke's keenness for hunting is simply wonderful, and there is no man in his position who devotes himself more wholeheartedly to the sport. In our illustration, we see the Duke of Beaufort and Will Dale about to start from Badminton for the meet, the motor-car being the usual covert-hack of the Duke and his huntsman when the fixture is wide of the kennels.

Tom Smith, the veteran huntsman of the Bramham Moor Hounds in Yorkshire

**Our Series of Irish Hunts**

Some photographs of the Waterford Foxhounds complete our series of illustrated Irish hunts. It is satisfactory to know that this series has been received with much pleasure in Ireland, though I am given to understand that in one or two cases correct titles have not appeared under snapshots of members of the Hunt. Presumably, our photographic artist has been led astray by unreliable information, but in any case sincere apologies must be offered to those affected by the annoying confusion. This week our pictures include Mr. Arthur P. Pollok, who has given great satisfaction during his two seasons in the Mastership of the Waterford pack. He brought with him valuable experience from the East Galway country, together with a vast enthusiasm for fox-hunting, which made him very welcome and popular in Co. Waterford. In his first season he showed some very fair sport, in spite of difficult scenting conditions; but the hounds were not exactly to his liking, and when the chance came of buying Mr. R. Burdon-Sanderson's fine pack Mr. Pollok secured them *en bloc*, and also bought a large draft from the Tynedale Hunt, thus immeasurably increasing the strength of the Waterford Hounds. The pack has a strong following of hard riders, and they speak very highly of the way in which the Master rides up to his hounds, and of his skill as huntsman. Mrs. Pollok is a very keen sportswoman, and, riding with consummate judgment, she sees much of the best sport in Waterford. There are plenty of stone walls in the country, and a frequent ruse of the foxes is to jump on them in an endeavour to baffle hounds. But Mr. Pollok is familiar with most of the dodges of Reynard, and when he believes this particular one is being tried, he holds his pack steadily on by the side of the wall. Recently, one of the hounds jumped on top in pursuit of the fox, and actually carried the scent along the wall for about half a mile, until Reynard, seeing his imminent danger, was glad to get back to *terra firma*, but before long he was run into by the irresistible pack.

**The Old Curraghmore Days**

All through January, sport with the Waterford Hounds reached a very high level, and regret is expressed that this may be Mr. Pollok's last season in the Mastership. Nothing definite is yet settled, so far as can be gathered up to the time of writing, but it is generally understood that Mr. Pollok will be succeeded in the leadership by the Marquis of Waterford. In the old days, the Beresford family always hunted the pack under the title of the Curraghmore Hunt, and the last Beresford to fill the Mastership was the father of the present peer, who carried on the Hunt on a princely scale, over ninety horses at one time being in his stables. Previously, his uncle, the third Marquis, had been a successful M.F.H., and his career came to a sudden termination in 1859, when he was thrown from his horse and killed.

**Chequered History**

The opposition of the Land League caused the abandonment of the Curraghmore Hunt in 1881, and Irish agitators have seldom done a worse thing for their country, as the fifth Marquis left Ireland thoroughly disgusted with the state of affairs, and hunted henceforward in Cheshire and the Shires. Others who had ridden with the Curraghmore Hounds likewise came to England for their sport, or stayed at home and gave up hunting, the result being that the clever League gentry threw many who had gained a livelihood by hunting completely out of employment, and thousands of pounds were lost to the district. Should the present Marquis undertake the Mastership, it is expected that the glories of the old Curraghmore days will, to a certain extent, be revived.

A. W. C.

# Irish Hunts, No. 9—The Waterford Hounds

Gone to Ground: An incident of a day's sport with the Waterford Hounds

Master Hurley, a youthful follower of the pack

Mrs. Pollok, wife of the Master, and a splendid horsewoman

Mr. Arthur Pollok, the Master, who has shown good sport during his two seasons in County Waterford, and greatly improved the pack

*(Photographs taken by our Special Representative in Ireland)*

# A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

**The Last of the Rationalists**

The death of Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, who rose from an artisan's bench to the leadership of a school of thought and to that of a social movement, came with peculiar pathos at the time when so much of what he had hoped and striven for seemed about to be realised. He lived to send a message of congratulation to the first working-man Member of a British Government, and died more happy, we may suppose, than most pioneers have done. The Co-operative movement, of which he was the practical founder and life-long advocate, now spreads all over the country, and is yet only at its beginning. On the other hand, "Rationalism," to which he gave its name, and which sought to eliminate entirely from human thought the elemental faculty of faith, predeceased him. It counts no follower of importance now that he, the last of Bradlaugh's and Ingersoll's companions-in-arms, is gone. Doubt is with us still: but Denial has perished.

**Why some MSS. do *not* reach the Editor**

A warning to absent-minded contributors

**An Octogenarian's Book**

It was only last year that Holyoake published his second series of reminiscences, "Bygones Worth Remembering," and I remember being amazed at the sureness of touch and keenness of recollection in a man who was nearing ninety. It was filled with matter touching all the important advanced movements of his time, as his "Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life" had been. We owe to his prosecution sixty years ago for speaking what he thought, an Act of Parliament which secures the complete freedom of speech for Englishmen on all questions of speculative opinion. It was on the occasion of that prosecution that he delivered the longest speech ever made from the dock. It lasted nine hours; and he got only six months. He was perhaps the only man who ever refused a Civil List pension, for he was the soul and genius of independence. His gentle, refined, and statesmanlike personality was one which should always be recalled when alarmists tell us of the perils attending the entrance of the working-man into public life.

**The Ancient Moon**

"Thuka of the Moon" is a promising title in itself. Mr. Charles Hannan is the author, and he is to be congratulated on having hit upon an idea that not even Miss Corelli in "Ardath" has outdone. The story takes place, I understand, on the moon, the persons being all "lunatics" born, and not only that, but (so to speak) prehistoric ones. For it is the old moon, that was a living world, and was presumably lived in by something alive, before Earth was in a tenantable and habitable condition, that is the subject of the tale which Messrs. Digby, Long and Co. will issue. It contains, I am told, a strong love interest: which somehow makes me shudder.

**The Rise of the Reprint**

The feature which is strongest, as it is the most gratifying, about modern publishing is the extraordinary development of the cheap reprint of great books. Shakespeare is still the "best-selling author," and the demand for new and cheap editions of the works of men like Dickens is only less remarkable than that for the books of old authors with rather less claim to immortality: for example, Marryat and Lytton. A step in advance has been made by the newest of the new publishers, Sisley's, Ltd. Mr. Sisley (Ltd.) has just resigned the editorship of the *London Magazine* in order to take hold of the business which has been issuing the "Cameo Classics," which cost sixpence a Cameo, and are certainly wonderful little books for the money, clearly printed and neatly bound. Their range, too, is sufficiently wide. It already includes "The Ingoldsby Legends," one of the great books of thoroughly original humour, as hard to imitate as "Alice in Wonderland"; "A Tale of Two Cities," still the best English story of the French Revolution; "Peg Woffington," Charles Reade's artistic triumph; "Heroes and Hero-Worship," the epitome of what Carlyle had to say on political philosophy; "The Scarlet Letter," the quietest story that ever came from America; "Windsor Castle," the most delightfully preposterous of all Harrison Ainsworth's historical-supernatural

tales; and a dozen or so more selected from various departments of Victorian literature. After all, a civilisation has something to say for itself when it can claim that the best books are out of nobody's reach. Will Mr. Sisley think about giving us some of the longer classics—Prescott's wonderful works on the conquests of Peru and Mexico might be mentioned—in several volumes of this attractive little series?

**"The Far Horizon"**

When one's books are so much talked about as "Sir Richard Calmady" was in 1901, an author can afford to work without undue haste. Only now is it announced that a new novel from "Lucas Malet's" pen is to be looked for immediately. The writer's work has been so strong and so sure, with so remarkable a quality of ruthlessness and daring in its incident, that "The Far Horizon" will be eagerly seized upon by the reviewers and the public. "Lucas Malet," as most people know, is a woman. Power and originality may be read in her look, as the excellent miniature here reproduced will show; and she is the daughter of one of the most powerful of Victorian characters, Charles Kingsley. That the "Calmady" book should have come from such a stock was one of Time's revenges. Mrs. St. Leger Harrison is the widow of a late Rector of Clovelly, and finds her chief delight in travelling. She is one who polishes the jewel as few moderns do. I shall never forget the effect produced on me by the first thing of hers I read, "The Carissima," ten years ago. It was like unexpectedly coming into money.

ECB

**"Lucas Malet" (Mrs. F. M. St. Leger Harrison)**

Author of "Sir Richard Calmady," whose new novel, "The Far Horizon," will shortly be published

*(From a miniature by Mr. Arthur Lindsay in the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters)*

### Books to Have By One

A very attractive selection of books, coming very much under the above heading, is issued by Messrs. George Routledge and Sons, Ltd. Of uniform size, and attractive cover design, this firm has issued a selection of poetic works to suit most tastes. There are, for instance, the Poems of Matthew Arnold, with photogravures after Gilbert James, a volume which lovers of poetry would be well-advised to have by them, for one's Arnold moods are certain to recur at regular intervals. Of the Flower Poems by Herrick, with coloured plates, it may be said that these are a delight unto the musician as well as the reader, for Herrick, with his simplicity and his song-like rhythms, is, as Swinburne says in his preface to the volume, the first of the English song-writers. An attractive idea is observed in another volume of the series—the publication in book-form, with illustrations, of certain books of the Bible. "Ruth" and "Esther," being detached from the bulk of the scriptures as narratives of poetic rather than religious interest, are specially suitable for the treatment in question, and the volume thus issued, with photogravures after Gilbert James, is a pleasing publication. Other books in this series are Milton's "Comas," "Cupid and Psyche," a translation from Apuleius' Latin legend by William Adlington, and "The Grave," by Robert Blair. Each of these volumes costs 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

## THE LIBRARY

**BOOKS TO ORDER THIS WEEK**

"The Pity of War." By F. Norreys Connell. (H. J. Glaisher: 6*s.*)
"The Champagne Standard." By Mrs. John Lane. (John Lane: 6*s.*)
"Mrs. Erricker's Reputation." By Thomas Cobb. (Alston Rivers: 6*s.*)
"The Smiths of Surbiton." By Keble Howard. (Chapman and Hall: 6*s.*)

Perhaps the reviewer would be better disposed towards the volume of short stories or essays if its publisher would affix to its cover the label "Caution! This is *not* a novel." It would ensure gentler handling, for on picking up a light literary work that individual is apt to assume it to be a novel, and his discovery, as he gets towards the end of the opening chapter, that it is short stories or essays is a shock comparable to that suffered by the man who, asked to spend the evening with a friend, is given, not dinner, as he expected, but sandwiches. Thus, picking up Mr. Norreys Connell's new volume, "The Pity of War," I prepared for several hours' hard, concentrated enjoyment of what looked like a red-hot Far Eastern war romance, in which, I gleefully anticipated, one Yoshomai, a delightful little "Jap," should figure long and often. A Jap with "the countenance of a low comedian, were it not that vulgarity was supplanted by amiability . . . broad mouth, splayed nostrils, sphinx-like eyes full of the immaterial sensuality of the Orient," and, amongst other things, a collection of very quaint theories. "Holland," he says, "lives in an intellectual fool's paradise, England in a fool's paradise that is not intellectual, China in a dam fool's paradise. Three countries that do not live in a fool's paradise are Prussia, Russia, and Japan. And Prussia shall acquire Holland's paradise, Russia England's, and Japan China's." He agrees not to kill in a duel a foolish German student, only on being assured by his English friend that "Shakespeare, or Edmund Burke, or Nelson, or Mr. Gladstone would not approve of my killing him," and he expresses surprise, on meeting his friend after the latter has failed to pass his exam., that he has not killed himself as a consequence, adding, "I weeped because I could not make you, the friendly office being so far, far away." I should have been content to know a great deal more of Yoshomai had it not been the author's intention, on p. 39, peremptorily to put him to death. He was struck by one of his men on the battlefield, and had, of course, shot him. "I must kill myself, too," he tells his friend, "do *hari-kari*. A Japanese officer cannot, in honour, be stricken by his own man and live." After this, Yoshomai gives place to other short stories, all good, all sad, and all eloquent of the "pity of war."

Of the other kind of "piece book" to which I referred before—the volume of essays—I may mention "The Champagne Standard," by Mrs. John Lane. These are, in the main, an American woman's views of English eccentricities. The "Champagne Standard" of the title is an indictment of the foolish middle-class custom which employs that too-expensive beverage on all festive occasions, "regardless."

Other topics similarly dealt with, in a pointed, breezy style, full of genuine observation, humour, and a good deal of the reformer's zeal, are "American Wives," "Kitchen Comedies," "Entertaining," and the like, which, I have no doubt, will contain much food for reflection among good housewives who may feel the need of being "livened up some" by one who knows both sides of the Atlantic, and thinks one side—can you guess which?—to be way up ahead in most things. Mrs. John Lane's book is published by Mr. John Lane at the Bodley Head.

"Mrs. Erricker's Reputation," by Thomas Cobb (Alston Rivers: 6*s*.), suggests something Shawesque or Pinerotic—a book to be read carefully by oneself, but not exposed to the peep of the "young person." The reader may, however, be reassured. Mrs. Erricker is not a Mrs. Tanqueray, or a Mrs. Warren, or any other person of the problematic species. She was indiscreet, certainly. She ought to have anticipated, on accepting Vincent Dampier's invitation to take a trip on his electric launch at Maidenhead during her too, too jealous husband's absence in Leicestershire, that the launch might upset, or collide, or explode, or something, and that as a result Mr. Erricker might be informed, and that, although things might be staved over by another Mrs. Erricker (Georgiana, widow of Erricker's brother) pretending that it was she who was upset, there must inevitably have been a tangled web of deception. That said, however, it should be conceded that Mrs. Erricker's reputation is not of a very reprehensible character, and could be scrutinised in Mr. Thomas Cobb's readable pages without danger to the sense of propriety of a Scotch governess in the family of a rural dean, far less that of the average sophisticated reader.

There must, of course, be a great many people who would find a careful record of the amenities of newly married life in the suburbs of interest, either because they themselves have had similar experiences, or because they know other people who have. A public, therefore, is assured for "The Smiths of Surbiton," by Keble Howard (Chapman and Hall: 6*s*.), which tells one all about Mr. and Mrs. Smith's first dinner-party, first theatre, first tiff, first visit from mother-in-law, first baby, etc., etc. We have nothing but praise to offer the author who could expend so much loving care and industry in compiling such a book, for though of the tiniest possible value as a literary work, it makes appeal to the surest possible public for an author who "wants to be popular." Surbiton will read it, of course, and what Surbiton reads to-day the rest of the suburbs will inevitably read to-morrow. Happy Mr. Howard!

V. C.

*Photo*] **Mr. Meredith is carried to the poll** [*Illustrations Bureau*

The veteran novelist having been driven in a donkey-chaise to the polling station at Leatherhead to register his vote for Mr. Aston, Liberal candidate at the recent election, was carried to the voting table by two assistants

# A Wonderful Vinery

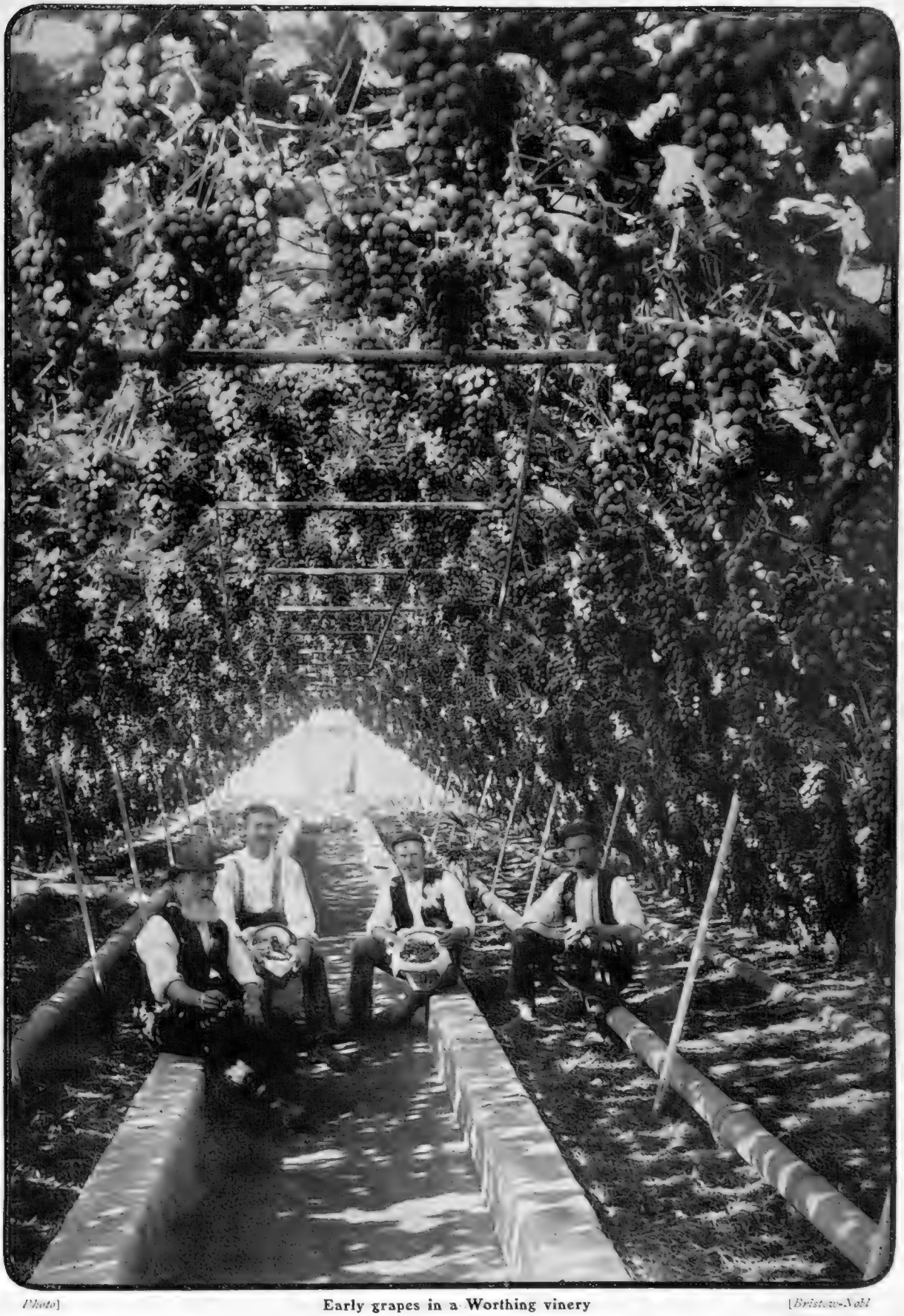


*Photo* **Early grapes in a Worthing vinery** [*Bristow-Noble*

Though Britain has not been a wine-growing country since the middle of the eighteenth century, she still possesses several magnificent vineyards. The above, belonging to a Miss Newman, yields fruit all the year round. The size of the grapes at this time of year is due, in great measure, to the mildness of the climate. Other famous British vines are those of Hampton Court, Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Park, and the Breadalbane vine in Perthshire

# Sport of the Past Week

Edited by H. S. SCRIVENER

**American Blackguardism**

A certain Mr. W. S. Quigley—whoever he may be — has, according to the *Daily Mail*, been indulging, in the columns of the New York *Evening Mail*, in a scurrilous attack upon the management of Henley Regatta, his contention being, in effect, that foul means are deliberately resorted to by us in order to prevent American crews from winning. The charges which he brings are so preposterous, and betray such a crass ignorance of all matters relating to the Regatta, that they carry their own refutation. The allegation, for instance, that the draw is conducted with loaded dice—whereas dice are not used at all in drawing—is a sufficient indication in itself of the sort of basis upon which he founds his falsehoods. But the American Press knows its business, and the point to be borne in mind is that there is a market in America for garbage of this sort, and a public which swallows it. And this, in turn, goes to enforce the truth of the proposition, of which we are always being so uncomfortably reminded, that the instinct of sport is not one of the natural products of the United States. Many Americans have it, or, at least, have acquired it. By knocking about in the world of sport, they have learnt its canons, and the best of them, each in his own particular line—like the Vesper crew at Henley, or the American lawn-tennis team at Wimbledon last year — know how to behave as sportsmen, and have won our esteem by so doing. But do they reflect the spirit of the nation as a whole? Obviously not. Otherwise there would be no room in the Press for the libels of Mr. W. S. Quigley. As it is, we must assume that (in America) Mr. Quigley is read and applauded by the public at large. "We have tried to best our adversary and have failed; come, let us blackguard him!" This is the sentiment of which they approve. Put in another way, it reads: "If *we* win, all right; but if *you* win, it's cheating." The presence of an American crew at Henley is by no means essential to the success of the meeting, and we can dispense with one quite comfortably now that we know what to expect if it loses. We may even go further, and ask ourselves whether the International "boom" in connection with sport generally is going to prove an unadulterated blessing. If it merely leads to International mud-throwing we had better all stay at home.

*Photos* E. P. Evans (Oxford)

*Rouch* R. V. Powell (Cambridge)

**The Boat Race: The Two Presidents**

While it is early yet to talk of prospects, Oxford are shaping much better than their rivals

**The 'Varsity Crews**

Boat Race prognostications in February are not worth much. Not only may influenza or a strain upset all calculations, but it is difficult to make any detailed comparison between the crews, because in order to do so, one would have to be able, like Sir Boyle Roche's bird, to be in two places at once. At present, Evans seems to have a decided advantage over the Cambridge President. His crew are very heavy, with the weight in the right part of the boat, and he has a capable and experienced stroke, with Gladstone, probably an equally good one, in reserve. Barring accidents, Oxford ought to be at least up to the average. Powell is less fortunate. Instead of two strokes he has two sevens and no stroke at all, and up to Saturday last he was taking the place himself, rowing on the starboard side like Edwards-Moss in 1876. There is a decided drawback in putting a very hard shover at stroke, because he is apt to be overworked in practice, and

also is usually difficult to follow. However, on Saturday afternoon, Stuart, who had previously been two, was tried at stroke, with Powell at six. But whatever the final composition of Cambridge may be, Oxford still seem likely to have the substantial advantage of some three stone of extra weight.

**Ice Hockey at Prince's Club**

The hockey match at Prince's Club last week between the Prince's and Lyons Club teams was well worth going to see. It was really a match between the champions of England and France, for that is the position held by the two teams in their respective countries, and although the Englishmen were not at full strength, they won fairly easily. But the Frenchmen have undoubtedly "come on" since last year, and they made our men go all the time; in fact, Duden, the English half-back, worked so hard that in the second half he changed places with one of the backs in order to get a breather. It is a very fast game, and the accuracy with which the players can pass and shoot when going at full tilt is marvellous. It was in passing and shooting that the English had the pull. The others were good enough individually, but their combination was faulty, and they were weak in front of goal. Prince's scored 6 goals in the first half, and finally won by 9—1.

**Wales Beats Scotland Twice Over**

The Rugger International on Saturday was a most exasperating match from a Scottish point of view. Forward, they were quite as good as Wales, if not better, and at half they were stronger, Munro being easily the best half on the ground; but they couldn't win, because their three-quarters were no good, or, at any rate, not good enough to penetrate the strong Welsh defence. It would appear, in fact, that the character of the Welsh game is changing, and that defence is now its strongest point owing to the introduction of the extra back, whose presence, curiously enough, seems to be detrimental to the combined passing tactics which have hitherto made Welsh teams so formidable. Concurrently with this match a miniature International was going on at Richmond between the London Welsh and London Scottish. It was a pity that the fixture clashed with the big one, for both teams had men engaged in it, and, at full strength, they are the two best teams in the Metropolis this season However, it was a good game and a pretty hard one, the Welshmen winning by a dropped goal and a try to nothing. On the adjoining ground Cambridge beat Richmond even more easily than Oxford had done the week before, while at Blackheath the Harlequins, maintaining the form they had shown against the Scottish, only lost to the Club by the difference of 3 points in a heavy scoring game.

**Lacrosse: Oxford University v. Hampstead**

Won by Hampstead, 8 to nil. Hampstead intercepting a pass

**'Varsity Hockey and Lacrosse**

The chief event in club hockey on Saturday was the defeat of Southgate by Cambridge, who thereby put an end to an unbeaten record. Cambridge, who seemed to be going rather to pieces at the time of their Southern tour, are now nicely together again, and their chance for the 'Varsity match looks pretty safe. Oxford, on the other hand, have gone back a bit, through not having been able to muster their best side of late. On Saturday they drew with Southampton. Both the 'Varsity lacrosse teams are out of the Southern Flags first round, Cambridge having lost to Lee and Oxford to Hampstead. West London, who broke Catford's unbeaten record last week, were again in form, and beat Blackheath 12—4, while Surbiton also came out strong against Snaresbrook (9—5).

# GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

### Dr. Purves's New Method of Splicing Golf Clubs

Curiously enough, only the other day I was writing on the subject of golf inventions, and stated that the reward of anyone inventing a newer and better club than that we use at present would be very great. Hardly were the words out of my pen than news came to me of an invention by which Dr. Purves hopes to revolutionise the present method of splicing golf clubs. It is hardly necessary for me to introduce Dr. Purves to my readers. His name is, so to speak, synonymous with golf at Sandwich, for, as I have mentioned in earlier articles, he was the discoverer of the St. George's links, and therefore one of the greatest benefactors that Southern golf has ever had. It is not too much to say that the discovery and foundation of the St. George's links and golf club did more for the spread and booming of golf in the South than anything else. The Doctor was a very fine player himself, and in his person carries the game back for us to the time of the feather-ball era. He won most of the prizes at Sandwich, and was a worthy rival of his lamented friend and club-mate, Henry Lamb.

### Putter v. The Rest

History relates that the Doctor once played a famous match in which he used only a wooden putter against a player armed with a full set of clubs. The Doctor won his match at the expense of a good many putters. But just think of the feat of getting round the Sandwich links with nothing but a wooden putter to depend on, in the days, too, of the gutty ball. This, if nothing else, conclusively shows what a great golfer we lost when an attack of blood-poisoning, consequent on an operation, made it impossible for Dr. Purves to continue playing the game of which he was such an ardent lover and shining ornament. His collection of historical curios connected with golf must be most valuable, and I sincerely hope that some rich lover of the game here will purchase them and present them to one of our great clubs, otherwise, I fear, they will be snapped up by our American cousins and be lost to us. But I am straying away from my main purpose, which is to describe the Doctor's new invention. Clubs, as my readers know, are either spliced or socketed. The former are better known as "scared" clubs, and many players follow Harry Vardon in preferring these to the socketed variety. These latter suffer from the disadvantages of torsional strain at the moment of impact, and are also rather difficult to adjust, more particularly that variety of them which does not carry the shaft right through the heel of the club.

### Drawback of Scared Clubs

The scared clubs have the great drawback of the liability to become loose in the glue, for the splice is parallel to the force of the blow, and is adjusted at present in the weakest possible shape and position for meeting the great strain of the impact. It occurred to Dr. Purves that if a mast or a fishing-rod were spliced in this way, the splice would soon go to pieces. Naturally, in both cases the splice is put on from the back, so as to meet the strain with the greatest amount of strength. Following up this idea and applying it to golf, the Doctor asked himself why a similar position of splicing should not answer equally well with golf clubs. He has, therefore, patented a system by which the splice is adjusted at the back of the neck, so that it meets the impact of the ball in the strongest possible position. I have not the least doubt that this method will bring scared clubs into general favour again, for besides giving strength it adds considerable grace to the club. The head is not likely to come unglued, because each stroke will tend to tighten shaft and head together. These clubs will also have the added merit of being more easily repaired than the socketed genus, and if by any chance the glue does become loose, the fact will be at once noticeable, and so the golfer will be saved from one of his most dreaded enemies, a club which is loose without his knowing it.

### The Death of Willie Park's Little Son

All golfing readers of THE BYSTANDER will, I feel sure, join with me and golfers throughout the world in tendering their heartfelt condolences to poor Willie Park in the terrible sorrow which has come upon him. He has just lost his bright and charming little boy, who would have been eight next May and who was the apple of his father's eye. The dear little fellow promised to follow worthily in his famous sire's footsteps, but, alas! that fell enemy of children, diphtheria, has carried him off. Willie Park is such a favourite, not only among his fellow-professionals, but throughout the ranks of all golfers who know him, that his grief will be universally shared. He has ever been one of the finest examples in uprightness, steadiness, and business capacity, not to mention his sterling qualities as a player. Like dear old Tom, Willie is one of nature's gentlemen, and has shown that business and play can be splendidly combined. He comes of a famous golfing stock, and has worthily carried on the Championship traditions of his family by twice securing that great honour. It seems terribly hard that his hopes of that tradition being still further carried on by his son should be thus cruelly blighted. For such grief as his, time is the only anodyne, but if there be any consolation in the knowledge that the deepest sympathy of the whole golfing world goes out to him, Willie Park may rest assured that he has that comfort in the richest and purest measure possible.

Ernest Lehmann

# At the Arts and Crafts

## JEWELLERY, POTTERY, AND FURNITURE

Every "private view" in London, from Burlington House to the New English, has a character entirely its own, but no crowd is quite so distinctive as that which gathers to celebrate the intermittent shows of the Arts and Crafts Society. Founded eighteen years ago, there is a curious feeling of the last century about the present-day enthusiasts of wall-paper and the amateurs of book-binding, and so forth, who collect to do honour to the applied arts. A far-off Morris-Burne-Jones-Ruskinism hangs about the exhibition, but it does not disguise the fact that there is at present vigorous life in the decorative movement in England. The large collections of jewellery still show something of that barbarism and taste for imperfect stones which took the town about twenty years ago. One would have thought that some of the elegancies of M. René Lalique would have penetrated to Chelsea and Hampstead, but with a few exceptions, such as the hairband by Miss Biggs, and here and there a ring or bangle, the many artists who show this sort of work cling to the ideals of the day before yesterday. This is not so in the silver-work, which is worthy of English eighteenth-century traditions. In pure decoration, no more charming piece is exhibited than the large *tempera* panel for a white room entitled, "Morning." Here Mr. Harold Speed puts to shame the old abuse of modern costume, for the ladies that form the gay company in his design are of to-day, but, at the same time, a joy for ever—or, at least, for as long as such delicate *tempera* work may last.

The arts and crafts of pottery and furniture are well represented; in the first division by the pleasing Oriental "Lancastrian" and the work of Mr. Howson Taylor; in the second, by very many excellent pieces inspired by English eighteenth-century work, and also, unfortunately, by such bad examples as Mr Ashbee's oak armchair, which expresses the worst qualities of archaism, at one time the bane of this society, and again by such pretentious failures as the inlaid mahogany sideboard shown by Morris and Co., which has taken four people to produce, and bears an air of uncomfortable incongruity. Mr. Barnsley has a library cabinet of English walnut and cedar that one would like to possess, Mr. Heal sends some fine pieces, instinct with a feeling for comfort and culture, and some of the technical schools show examples that make one very hopeful about the future of cabinet-work. The embroideries are excellent, and the metal-work good, if not highly original. There are hundreds of cases of beautiful things in the exhibition, but if you want something to laugh at when you have tired of praise, we commend the enamelled earthenware panel of "Prudence," a *posé* piece of mediævalism, of good colour, however, and, above all, the art and craft idea of an afternoon frock—we fear Paquin and Worth will not hang their diminished heads before this example of simple beauty. One notes, with pleasure, that the evil spirit of the *art nouveau* has been exorcised at the Grafton Gallery.

Rabbiting in a Hedgerow: An excellent day's sport

# Bridge: BY PROBLEMATICUS

A competitor in our recent Competition writes suggesting that consolation prizes should be given to those who, while maintaining a steady fairly high average of skill throughout the Competition, yet failed to win a weekly prize. But, for my part, I think that twenty-five prizes in a Competition should be enough for anyone, especially since no competitor could win more than one of them. The suggestion, however, has given me the idea that in some future Competition a Booby prize might be awarded. But then would not such an award be libellous?

Solutions from the Colonies are still coming in; and I am pleased to see that competitors have arisen in Nevis and the far Bermudas.

### Marks for Colonial Solutions

VELDT, VII.-IX., 11; X.-XII., 10. TROPICUS, X.-XII., 10; XIV.-XVI., 9.

### THE STRENGTH DISCARD

The *Saturday Review*-er who writes on Bridge has of late been dealing at length with the question of the discard; and only last week I was deploring the fact that the Universities had adopted the practice of discarding from strength against a no-trump declaration. There is, of course, a simplicity about it which appeals to the ingenuous mind of youth, with its natural desire to have everything free from complexity. But Bridge, fortunately, will not admit of this simplicity, or it would not be the fascinating game it is. Moreover, though during the last year I have observed a number of second-rate players adopt the strength discard, I have not in that time known a single strong player who has done so.

The reasons for the discard from strength, (1) that you can show your partner what you want led by a single discard, (2) that it enables you to keep your weaker suits guarded, seem to balance, at any rate, the reason against it—that you cannot, as a rule, afford to discard from your strong suit, since it means the sacrifice of a trick. But, really, as often as not, you get two discards before your partner gets in again to lead; and if you do not get two discards, he has learned by that time in what suit your strength, if you have any, must lie.

But to my mind the strongest reason of all against the discard from strength is, that it cramps your play. If your partner asks me how I discard, I always say, "From weakness—if I can"; and, among all good players, this proviso is understood. Then I can discard as the circumstances demand, and vary my discard according as my partner, or my adversary, is winning the tricks. But if I say, "I discard from strength," I have to discard from strength, often to the great and quite unnecessary weakening of my hand, or I leave my partner entirely at sea; and there is a general muddle, which brings defeat. I gave the discard from strength a long, fair trial, but I found it so cramping that I gave it up.

With a trump declaration against you, however, the discard should be from strength, as it used to be at whist, as soon as strength against you in trumps was shown. It is unlikely, unless you are very strong in them, that you will be able to clear out the declarant's trumps and make all the cards in your strong suit; and it is generally very important to have your strong suit led, lest the dealer should establish another suit, discard your strong suit, and trump it. Of course, if your partner has doubled, you may discard from weakness, since he should be able to deal with the trumps.

**The Bridge Road to Ruin**

Famished, he hied to the river-side
Where the broken outcasts snore.
A tramp sat there, with downcast air,
In garments torn and poor.
"What brought you here?" A sob, a tear,
"Diamonds on knave to four."

Reproduced from the amusing book, just published. "The X Y Z of Bridge." Verses by Gilbert Frankau, drawings by Lance Thackeray. (Price 1s.)

*(By kind permission of P. S. King and Son, Westminster)*

# Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Chaos is once more replaced by a little law and order. I refer, of course, to the shops where, with a few exceptions, the sales have ceased, and that mysterious process known as "stock-taking" has commenced. It is just the lull before the storm of the season, which begins in a tentative way with the Courts originally fixed to take place the middle of this month. Apart, of course, from the recognised Court *couturières*, such as Messrs. Redfern, Paquin, and the like big authorities, there is a curious modistic fraternity who rise into prominence during the Court moment, only to sink again into quiet obscurity. Frequently, one has to travel quite out of the beaten track to find these would-be specialists, who have acquired a reputation under conditions altogether too deep for the ordinary mind to fathom, and who assume airs of authority out of all keeping with their modest surroundings.

### Some Court Confections

As a matter of fact, there is a very great deal of inflated nonsense talked about a Court creation. Apart from the train, which is quite the simplest thing in the world, the confection resolves itself into a superior type of evening toilette. I hold, however, a small private opinion with regard to a Court gown, which I herewith proffer in all humbleness. If you are unable to have something very sumptuous, and there is no more liberal opportunity for indulgence, then the simpler the effort the better chance there is of attaining distinction. This latter applies very forcibly, of course, in the case of the débutante, whose Court *entrée*, in girlish white, not only acts as a foil to the surrounding colour-scheme, but claims of itself a special grant of appreciation.

Net, both plain and in a very wealth of fancy qualities, is prepared to take a leading rôle in the Court schemes of the immediate future. Transparent Empire dresses, over beautifully moulded Princesses of satin, have established themselves very securely in the affections of those who make a study of the picturesque under stylish latter-day auspices. A captivating notion, that has been revealed to me in this connection, is of a Court train manœuvred in one with the brief little bolero which we have learnt to dub Empire. In the case of a silver tissue train, this was charmingly exemplified in conjunction with a quantity of lovely soft Brussels appliqué lace.

A distinctive lead, I am given to understand, is to be accorded out-of-the-way evening shades, such as smoke grey, brown embroidered in the new copper bead passementerie, etc., while jet is to be afforded a prominence that is as wholly unexpected as it is pleasant to contemplate. Jet, tempered by a touch of gold, should prove an irresistible alliance for a Court gown, completed by a train of chiffon velvet, whereon is continued the embroidery scheme, either applied on the material itself or by inset *motifs* of jetted net.

### The Persuasions of Purple

During the past week this colour has haunted me, and it is never well, or such is my experience, to neglect a strong modistic warning of this *genre*. On a brown crinoline hat, that was the very epitome of *chic*, a small purple velvet bow caught up the front of the brim just in the centre, while the back was swept with immense decision heavenwards, beneath a purple ostrich feather. And, perhaps, even more original was a soft turban toque of rough purple beaver cloth, on which a single large pink rose, just a little chastened in tone, held at the left side a purple ostrich feather that fell on the hair and curled completely round to the right.

Several notably interesting purple cloth and frieze dresses have also chanced to cross my line of vision. One in particular recalls itself, in a fine, but rather dull-surfaced cloth, the corselet skirt augmented by the briefest little bolero, with loose cape-like sleeves that were caught just below the elbow into deep turned-back cuffs of heavy raised embroidery. Apparently, the blouse beneath was of purple chiffon, run down at regular intervals with the ubiquitous tinted blonde edging, but of this only the big sleeves were visible.

And being enamoured of this purple note, I would suggest that simple spring tailor costume illustrated be carried out in biscuit cloth, a rather deep shade, with velvet revers, cuffs and buttons in the favoured *nuance*, a further *soupçon* occurring in the hat.

### Lingerie de Luxe

With a very epidemic of white shows in our midst, I am reminded to say a few words on the trend taken by the better class of lingerie. A trousseau, revealed to me in secret the other day, was of a peculiarly illuminative character, and served to emphasise more than ever the increasing value of hand embroidery on the cloth itself, which is, nowadays, the finest linen batiste. The filmy, fairy-like character of this type of lingerie is verily irresistible, and far surpasses an elaborate insetting of lace. Sometimes, however, one finds a small inset lace *motif* introduced, but always with some discretionary knowledge as to its wearing qualities.

As to the Empire *robe de nuit!* That is well-nigh ubiquitous. The general consensus of opinion goes, that it is the perfection of comfort, and those who are economically minded will speedily perceive the opportunity offered for using up short lengths of embroidered muslin, tucked muslin, and lace fancies, for the yoke portion. Then another noticeable detail with all the best and latest lingerie is the broad ribbon-threaded effects, for which hand-worked slots are frequently required. The fact, indeed, is being well borne home that *bébé* ribbon is left entirely to the solace of the populace, the elect declining to acknowledge any width under one to one and a half inches wide.

A neat tailor-made of biscuit cloth and purple velvet
(*Drawn by K. Pleydel Young*)

### The Effect of Politics on Clothes

I wonder is it mere idle surmise on my part that the fashionable feminine recruits to the side of Labour and Socialism will inevitably create a split in modistic circles? I really should like to know how those women, hitherto extravagant and fastidious, are going to reconcile their present principles and the expenditure, requisite to uphold the station in life of well-dressed women. Apart from any real extravagance, the outlay is surely totally at variance with Labour ethics.

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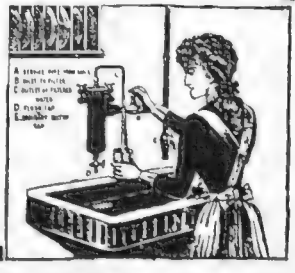

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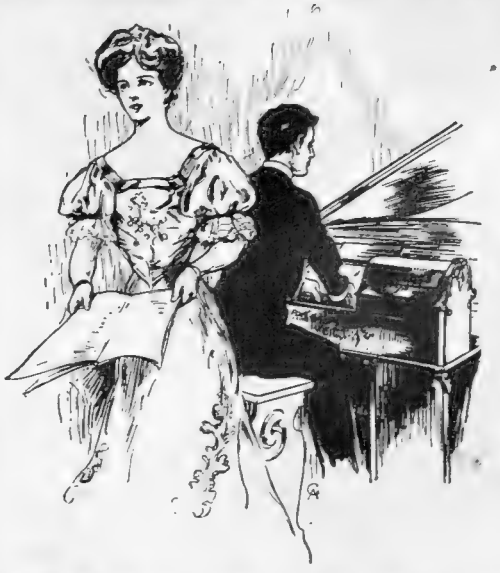

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# AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

### A January Journey

Three times in succession, Mr. Stocks, of the De Dion Company, has motored without a stop to Edinburgh, in order to be present at the annual Automobile Exhibition in that city. On the last occasion, Mr. Stocks invited me to travel with him. I had no particular reason for going to Scotland. I was not anxious to travel all through a winter's night, but, curious to experience four hundred miles continuous motoring, I accepted. Last Friday week, at three minutes past nine in the evening, we left London's chief milestone, the G.P.O., in a 24 h.-p. De Dion. The De Dion was not alone—a 22 h.-p. Crossley, with Charles Jarrott at the wheel, kept us company. The northern part of that conglomeration known as London is not attractive—one travels greasy, tram-lined streets for miles. If the motor-'bus proves a successful competitor to the trams, everyone who sits at the wheel of a car will be thankful. As things are at present, to take a car quickly out of London, northwards, requires intelligent anticipation and an acute sense of traffic. But even if the traffic did delay us there was one compensation. It was the hour of the fried fish shops, they were working at high pressure, and the various smells encountered were most stimulating.

### Four Hundred Miles in Twenty Hours

There was no idea of racing: a modest twenty miles an hour average was our ambition. We hoped to accomplish the four hundred miles that separate the two cities in just twenty hours—to leave London on Friday evening, and to reach Scotland at five o'clock on Saturday afternoon. The lights of London behind us, the sturdy twenty-four ran well. She made light of her load, and clung tenaciously to her top speed on nearly every gradient. The road was vile, sodden with rain, and strewn with loose metal. In nearly every district, the track had suffered from what we English call roadmaking. Still, Dunlop tyres took us through without a puncture, and when examined at Edinburgh showed no signs of wear.

### In Darkness—Sameness

Night motoring is apt to be monotonous; the bright, bleaching glare of the acetylene lamps lights little else but the road immediately in front. Now and then the leafless branches of a big tree stretch out across the road—grey-white, in sharp relief against the darkness. Here and there a flint or a piece of white paper assume undue importance. Monotonously the headlights pick out the telegraph poles. Occasionally the windows of a wayside cottage blaze with reflected light. Otherwise, unless there be a moon, night motoring means monotony. Mile after mile you pursue a small patch of light. Biggleswade, forty-five miles out, was our first pull up. Mr. Albone, the inventor of the Ivel Agricultural Motor, was on the look-out for us here. While he wished us success in the usual way, the chauffeur changed a cracked plug, the only time on the journey a spanner was used. Next came Buckden, then Stamford. It was now past midnight, and all sensible people were in bed. As we ran through Grantham, Newark, and Retford, none but sleepy night policemen were to be seen.

**A 24 h.-p. De Dion**

On this car Mr. Stocks, with three passengers, completed a four hundred mile non-stop run from London to Edinburgh. Averaging twenty miles an hour, the car ran with great regularity

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### Silly Sign-posts

We reached Doncaster at 4.15 a.m., 163 miles out, and stopped there for a quarter of an hour. Stocks, who drove all the time, knew the way well. Although on many occasions the road forked and invited mistakes, only once did we go wrong. Nearing York we wandered—a wrong turning was taken; the road turned and twisted, then narrowed and got worse, deep ruts appeared, we shot through an open gate and pulled up in the slush of a farmyard. Roused by vigorous horn-blowing, the owner of the farmhouse appeared. He, not a bit surprised at his unexpected visitors, directed us. We backed, turned, and went off down the lane again. Seven miles to York said a sign-post, and we felt happy. Some minutes later the road went all ways. A sign-post with many arms stood in the middle of the cross-ways. One arm pointed down the road we had just come: it said, York nine miles. Those in the Crossley car had something to say about Stocks' knowledge of the way. The usefulness of sign-posts was discussed, and back we went to gaze again on the seven miles to York sign-post that we had just left. But, on our way back, we nearly ran down an early riser. He disclosed to us a narrow track which branched off the road in between these two sign-posts. The narrow lane developed into a road of respectable dimensions—and it was York.

### We Arrive in Time

The sun was now overdue. It got light, but there was no sunrise. No colour, no pink and crimson splendour, cheered us on our way. Just a cold, grey, cheerless morning. After two hundred and forty miles of continuous travelling, we breakfasted at Darlington a few minutes after nine o'clock — the engines, of course, running all the time. Soon through old Durham, next, at eleven o'clock, Newcastle, where we filled petrol tanks. Our road now took us through Alnwick, and from the point of view of scenery it was the best part of the journey. To the right was the North Sea, to the left the Cheviots. The morning had brightened up, and the sunlight in patches flickered over the wet, wild hills. Just before two o'clock we crossed the Tweed by a bridge of many arches, and entering the land of heather and cakes, lunched at Berwick. Leaving at 2.15 we had plenty of time for the remaining fifty miles. The Edinburgh motor show is held in the Waverley Market, and we drove right into the exhibition just before the clock struck five.

### The Comfort of a Railway Carriage

Besides the De Dion and the Crossley, a 24 h.-p. F.I.A.T. motor-'bus made the same journey. Carrying fourteen people, it covered the distance in twenty-five hours. Those in charge of the motor-'bus were kind enough to invite me to accompany them on the return journey, but somehow or other I thought I would try the railway. The miles slip easily by as one lolls back in a L. and N.W. Ry. carriage, and that company's well-laid track largely takes away the sense of speed. In the varied programme that is ascribed to that new Parliamentary power, the Labour Party, nationalisation of our railways figures. If ever that improbability happens, it is to be hoped that the L. and N.W. Ry. will be left alone. It would be difficult to improve it.

Alfred C. Hunter

*Photo* *Topical Agency*

**The Edinburgh Motor Show**

This, the Ninth Annual Motor Show, was held in the Waverley Market. Argylls, Daimlers, Arrol-Johnstons, six-cylinder Napiers, and many other well-known makes were exhibited, and much public interest was displayed

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# D.S.F.

One hundred and eighty years ago a Mrs. Clements, of Durham, first made Mustard in its present form. While the virtues of "the grain of Mustard seed" had long been known both to the ancients and to the Britisher of "the good old times," who carried the seeds in his waistcoat pocket—like the Scotchman used to do his snuff—and ate them as occasion required, it was left to this good lady to conceive the idea of separating the husk from the yellow kernel, and in a primitive mortar she pulverised the latter into flour. The preparation soon became popular with the King and his subjects, and "Durham Mustard" was the name it went by in those days.

In due course, Mrs. Clements died, but her work remained, and the inheritance ultimately passed into the hands of the Ainsleys of Durham, in time to be merged by purchase into the great house at Norwich the Centenary of whose business has just been celebrated, and the superior merit of whose product had then become absolutely world-wide. The quality of Mustard had been gradually improved by the founder of that business, Mr Jeremiah Colman, who succeeded in achieving the then difficult task of removing more of the husk of the seed and the coarser particles of the flour. The resultant product he called "Fine." Later on, still more husk was removed and still more of the coarser portion sifted out, leaving "Superfine" as the reward. Lastly, in the Victorian era, by a special process, aided by silk gauze with thousands of meshes to the square inch, a hitherto insuperable difficulty was overcome in the removal of practically the remaining portion of the husk, and thus the most finished product of all was reached, which, being finer and of so much higher quality than Superfine, was designated "Double Super Fine," the initials of which D.S.F. are the appellation of best Mustard, and any curiosity which those letters or the heading of this article may have aroused is allayed by this information. This, in short, is an account of the scientific evolution towards perfection that finds its *ne plus ultra* in **Colman's D.S.F. Mustard** of to-day, a term which must not be taken as applicable to all brands so designated.

And where does the Mustard seed come from? It is the product of alluvial soils, and is grown in the Fen districts of Cambridgeshire, Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and Essex, and on Yorkshire lands adjacent to the Humber. Although there are two kinds of Mustard seed—the brown and the white—yet both have yellow bloom, and the flour that is made from each is yellow. The chemical properties are, however, different, and it is from a wise admixture and a scientific blending of the flour of the two seeds that the D.S.F. Mustard is made.

It will be understood that not only is there a difference in the quality of the seed raised, but also that great skill is required in the correct blending of the two flours. It will be equally apparent that only such a house as Colman's can have the necessary experience required to secure the best and the most perfect for their product. Moreover, their reputation would not allow the use of any other.

S.H.B.

## A WOMAN'S NOTE BOOK

The life scheme of the modern woman is to avoid—it has become a positive mania with her. All she does she performs with the happy incentive that she will be thereby saved an increase of labour on something else; or, at any rate, that she will be enabled to exchange one occupation of unpleasant character for another of comparative attractions. She hails labour-saving machines of all sorts; performs her spring-cleaning by means of tubes put through her windows; sweeps her carpets, cleans her knives, with the aid of noiseless "sweepers" and "cleaners," which save her much breathlessness and fatigue; and would certainly feed her children by machinery had she not theories on digestion. We live in flats to avoid stairs; "send out" to avoid all sorts of domestic things, from needlework to cookery; and when the theory gets sufficient hold of us, we retire from this noisy scene of the world, where, greatly to the detriment of our nerves, so many things *have* to be, and set up a primitive method of dwelling in a wayside cottage, far from the haunts of men, with the apparent intention of avoiding *everything*.

Our latest craze for avoidance is the most foolish of all: it is to avoid servants. A couple of years ago, we were craving for these rare and fickle luxuries. Nothing was too good to offer them as an inducement to stay; none of them were too bad to be worth retaining—in case we might get worse, or be left to our own efforts and the inefficient aid of charwomen. But now our own efforts are to be everything—not because there is any particular joy to be obtained from peeling potatoes and sweeping carpets, but simply that we may be spared the nerve worry of "helps," who, so we say, are truly no assistance, and constant journeys to and fro to registry offices.

It is all nonsense. To start with, servants are not nearly so incapable as they were two years ago. The superior class of girl, who once thought it no degradation to be a cook or a housemaid, having tried other callings and felt to the full their obvious disadvantages, has come back to the idea of the comfort and respectability of service. It is just like our contrariness that now, when we can get good servants, we do not want them. Any housewife has plenty of occupation if she looks after and directs her establishment, takes a proper and intelligent care of her children, and responds to her social duties. It is a splendid thing when a young wife knows how things should be done, so that she can either instruct the ignorant, or efficiently rebuke the careless, but that she should become a sort of domestic drudge is neither fair to herself, her husband, or her neighbours.

It is all very well to talk of the simple life, but where would the simplicity really be if the various members of a family, just for a sort of craze, muddled on in turns with duties for which they were not in the least fitted. It is bound to make the most orderly household topsy-turvy; there is something exceedingly unattractive about the idea, for instance, of a dinner-party, during which the members of the family rush off to see to culinary operations, and return, dishes in hand, triumphantly flushed with their efforts, to resume a broken-off discussion upon Browning. Yet girls of a severely so-called practical turn are really going in for a course of domestic training, with the idea of being kings of their own castle, with such a vengeance, that no one else is to be allowed within the sacred precincts.

Of course, such an idea will not last; its fulfilment must necessarily interfere with every other occupation; and while the direction of affairs leaves every competent and methodical woman ample time for her other calls, the mistress and servants (when these distinct posts are rolled into one unfortunate person) is disturbed at every moment of the day, and the household, far from being simple, turned into a regular chaos. Far better that every thinking woman should offer a happy and comfortable home to respectable girls of the lower class. LADY PHYLLIS.

## THE MENU

### SOME PUDDINGS AND SWEETS

#### Strawberry Pudding

Take a teacupful of self-raising flour, add to it a good pinch of salt and 2 oz. of very finely minced beef suet; add also a teacupful of strawberry jam, the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, a small teacupful of milk, and ½ oz. of finely chopped candied peel. Mix very thoroughly, and finally add the whites of the eggs, whisked to a stiff froth. Fill a well-buttered mould with the mixture and steam for two hours and a half. For the sauce, take half a cupful of jam, and add to it a tablespoonful of cooking brandy and two tablespoonfuls of water; place in a small stewpan and bring to the boil; then rub through a heated gravy strainer over the pudding. This sweet may be made with either apricot, greengage, raspberry, or black-currant jam.

#### Crème au Chocolat

Take 2 oz. of vanilla chocolate, grate it finely, and mix it to a smooth cream with a little boiling milk; add to it a heaped tablespoonful of castor sugar, and stir until the latter is dissolved; add also a few drops of essence of vanilla. Next add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs and, by degrees, a pint of boiling milk; stir all the while one way whilst adding the milk; finally, add the whites of four eggs, whisked to a firm froth, pour into a buttered mould, tie down tightly with buttered paper, and bake in a moderately quick oven for half an hour. Turn out very carefully, pour a cream sauce over and around, and serve at once.

FOR THE SAUCE.—Bring the contents of a sixpenny jar of cream to boiling point; if it seems at all thin, thicken it by means of a little arrowroot. Add sugar to taste and a few drops of vanilla essence, and use as directed above.

#### Macaroon Custard

Crush half a dozen macaroons finely; put them in a dish, and pour over a glass of sherry or marsala. Boil up one pint of milk sweetened with one tablespoonful of castor sugar. Pour this slowly on to four beaten yolks of eggs, return to the pan, and stir over the fire till the custard begins to thicken; then stir in the soaked macaroons. Allow to cool a little and pour into a glass dish. Decorate the top with strips of angelica and halves of glacé cherries.

#### Chestnut Notions

Shell about twenty-five large chestnuts, boil them in water with a little salt, pound them well, then stir the paste into 2 oz. of melted fresh butter, add some powdered sugar, some flavouring, either vanilla, lemon, Kirsch water, or other liqueur; let this mixture cool, then press it through a large-holed sieve, and pile it high on a dish; around and over this put some well-whipped cream. This is a delicious dish. EMILIA.

GRAND PRIZE, PARIS, 1889-1900.
GRAND PRIZE, ST. LOUIS, 1904.

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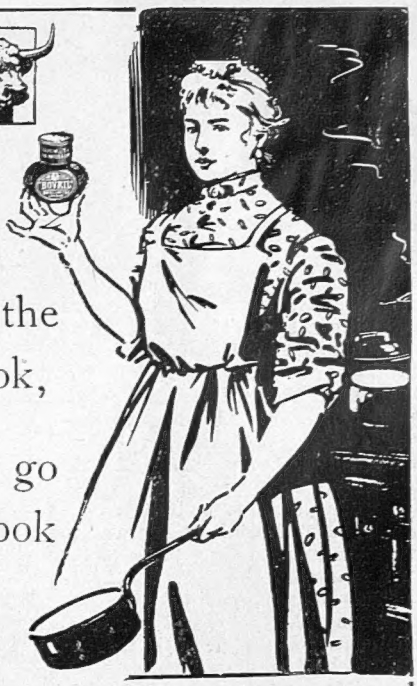
"I!" said the cook,
"As I go by the book
"I said



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# The Editor's Box

### Book Notes

Messrs. Jarrold and Sons will shortly publish "More Violets," by the talented young authoress, Violet M. Firth, aged fourteen, whose little book, "Violets," met with so much favour from the Press and public some few months since.

Mr. Filson Young is at present engaged on a "Life and Account of the Voyages of Christopher Columbus," which the firm of E. Grant Richards hopes to have ready for publication in the autumn of this year. Considering the extraordinary personal and romantic interest of Columbus's life, English literature on the subject is comparatively meagre, partly owing to the fact that most of the original documents are widely scattered throughout Spain and Italy. There is reason to believe, however, that many English collectors have in their possession a good many of the original charts and documents relating to Columbus's voyages, and therefore Mr. Filson Young asks for the co-operation of private collectors; and he hopes that any who have portraits, charts, maps, letters, or other documents relating to Columbus, will assist him by communicating with him at the address of his publisher, 7, Carlton Street, Regent Street, S.W.

Mr. Eden Phillpott's story, "The Portreeve," is one in the chain of narratives he is weaving about Dartmoor, and it incidentally shows various aspects of the life of to-day, and the ambitions and interests of the folk. It embraces the loftiest regions of Dartmoor, the hills of Yes Tor, High Willhayes, etc., and the river valleys round about. The book contains a frontispiece by Mr. A. B. Collier, and will be published on Feb. 8 by Messrs. Methuen.

Mr. Heinemann will publish this week "Sex and Character," by Otto Weininger, a work of great scientific interest which has created considerable sensation in Germany, and there ran through six editions.

"Fate's Intruder" is the title of a novel of sport and adventure by Mr. A. E. T. Watson and Mr. Frank Savile, which Mr. Heinemann will publish this week. It is illustrated by Mr. René Bull.

Mr. Heineman will publish this week a volume in his "Contemporary Men of Letters" series on "Swinburne," by Mr. G. E. Woodberry.

The same house brought out on January 24 a volume entitled "Frenzied Finance," by T. W. Lawson. The articles on which the book is based have appeared in *Everybody's Magazine*, and caused in America one of the greatest financial upheavals of recent years, which was reflected acutely in England. The book is of the most vital interest, and will appeal to everybody in any way connected with the tortuous ways of the modern financial juggler.

On January 29, Mr. Unwin published a new story by Mrs. Hamilton Synge, author of "The Coming of Sonia," a book which was very well received by the critics a year or two ago. The new book, which is entitled, "A Supreme Moment," is the story of a brother and sister. Agatha sacrifices herself entirely to her brother, encouraging his weaknesses, and accepting his veiled, though very real, tyranny as her duty. Upon the neighbourhood, well-behaved and self-satisfied, descends a new personality, and it is on the working-out of its effects upon everybody that the *motif* of the story depends. There is a mystery about the newcomer. She has a disturbing effect upon several people, leading to the breaking of a long-standing engagement, and other events. In the stress of an intense moment, a strange experience comes to Agatha, an experience of the spirit piercing through the material; the explanation of which, whether natural or supernatural, is left to the reader.

In order that the results of the elections may be duly discussed in the editorial notes, the publication of the February *Independent Review* will be delayed for a few days after the beginning of the month. The opening article in the number will be one by Mr. W. T. Stead, on "The Revolution of the Twentieth Century." Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson will follow with an essay, entitled "Quo Vadis?" in which he pleads for a calm consideration of the fundamental issues which should underlie the strife of party politics. Another article on social questions will be, "Workmen's Homes in London and Manchester," by Mr. R. C. K. Ensor. Of a literary character will be a paper on Sir Thomas Browne, by Mr. G. L. Strachey; "Maeterlinck as Moralist," by Mr. Alger Thorold; "Flowers and the Greek Gods," by Miss Alice Lindsell; and an appreciation of the Russian writer, Leonidas Andreieff, by Mr. Simeon Linden. Among the other contents of the number may be mentioned: "Deer Forests in the Highlands," by Mr. W. C. Mackenzie; and "From the Second to the Third Reform Bill," by Mr. Graham Wallas.

### Garrick Theatre

Owing to the success of the comedietta, *The Dean's Dilemma*, which is now played in front of *Brother Officers* at the Garrick Theatre every evening, Mr. Bourchier has decided that it shall also be played at the Wednesday and Saturday matinées.

### Interesting Musical Event

An interesting event in the musical world will be the performance at the Æolian Hall, on the evening of Feb. 16, of a large excerpt from Saint-Saëns's opera, *Samson et Dalila*. This magnificent work cannot, unfortunately, by reason of the Biblical character of its subject, be performed on the English stage. The title-rôle will be filled by Miss Lucia Fydell, who makes her reappearance on the concert platform after two years' absence, utilised in completing her studies in Paris under the distinguished Professor M. Bouhy. The minor parts of Samson, the High Priest, and the Old Jew, will be taken by Mr. Henry Plevy, Mr. Atherton Smith, and Mr. Ward Cowdery.

### Waldorf Theatre

The following is the cast of *The Heir-at-Law*, which Mr. Cyril Maude will give (at matinées only) at the Waldorf Theatre, commencing about the middle of the present month:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Daniel Dowlass ... | Mr. Lionel Rignold. |
| Dick Dowlass ... | Mr. G. M. Graham. |
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| Henry Morland ... | Mr. Charles Maude. |
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